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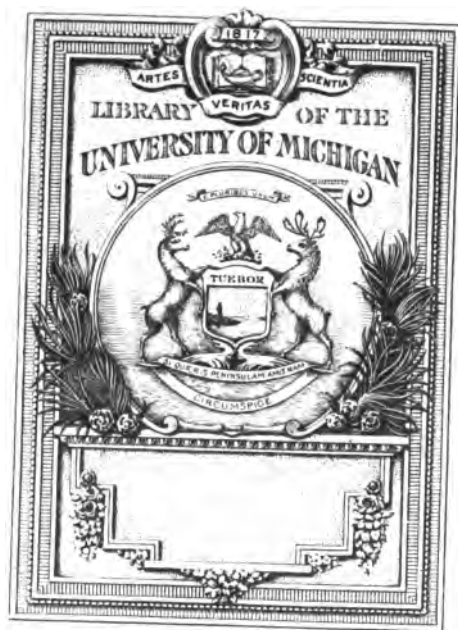
Frank B. Woodward.

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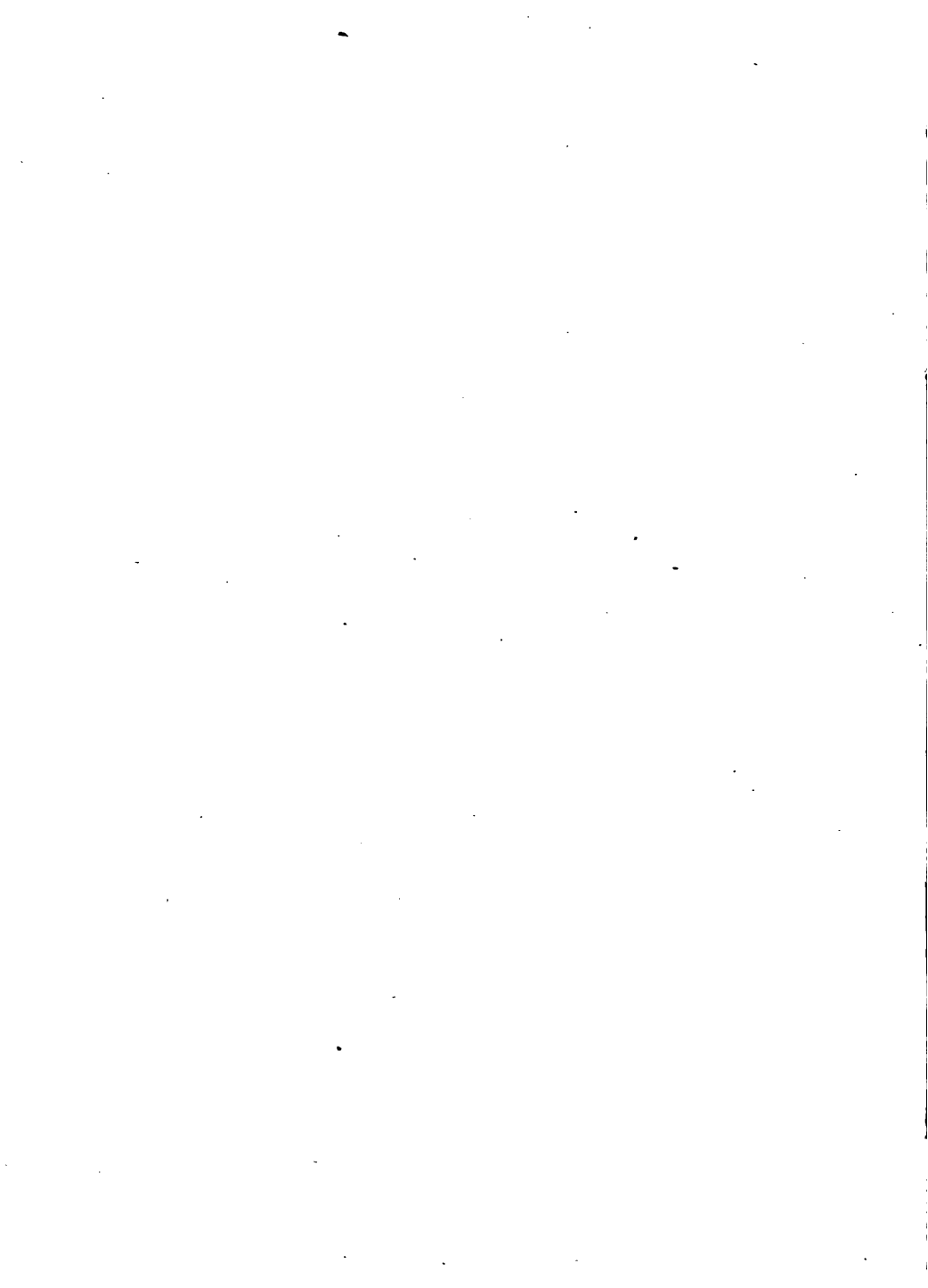


Ribbans, Frederick Bolingbroke

A
BRIEF MEMOIR
OF
BERNARD BOLINGBROKE WOODWARD,
B.A., LOND., F.S.A.,
Librarian in Ordinary to
THE QUEEN
AND
KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS
AT
WINDSOR CASTLE.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, & DYER.
1878.

To the Memory
OF
HUDSON GURNEY,
THE CONSTANT FRIEND OF
SAMUEL WOODWARD,
AND OF HIS SON,
BERNARD BOLINGBROKE,
THIS BRIEF MEMOIR
IS INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



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INTRODUCTION.

"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN."



HIS is laid down as an evident axiom by a well-known English poet; and though we should be sorry to subscribe to all his assertions, we think that in this instance he is correct.

Man consists of two parts, which, for simplicity and clearness, we will call *body* and *mind*. To study the anatomy of the human frame and the various phases of our internal structure is a laudable pursuit, which is of vast importance to the comfort of our present existence, and to the continuation of our animal life. This belongs exclusively to those engaged in the medical and surgical profession, to whom we feel that we are greatly indebted, and to whom we would acknowledge our grateful obligation. But as the *mind* is decidedly superior to the *body* of man, so we desire to offer respectful homage and fervent thanks to those who
minister

minister to our mental wants and labour for our intellectual improvement. These noble benefactors of the human race may be divided into three classes.

First, The HISTORIAN, who records facts, and endeavours to describe accurately the various motives of human conduct. But as he deals principally with grand events and mighty personages, so, of necessity, he frequently soars beyond the glance and far away from the experience of ordinary mortals. Besides, there is so much political craft and unfathomable cunning in the doings of those who manage the affairs of kingdoms, that the historian—be he ever so clever—is liable to be deceived himself, and thus unwittingly and unintentionally to delude and to mislead his most intelligent readers. This arises frequently, aye, and perhaps most frequently, not from want of integrity or philanthropy on his part, but from the extreme difficulty of the task he has undertaken. To the honest historian be all praise—and there we must leave him.

Secondly, There is the NOVELIST, who composes and publishes *works of fiction*, and labours to place before his fellow-mortals the motives which influence the *human mind*, and the varied consequences of *human conduct*, which are dignified or disgraceful, as the source from which they spring is pure or polluted. Such
authors

authors as these, when their intention is truly benevolent and their talent is suited to the arduous undertaking in which they have engaged, merit and receive due thanks and admiration. But then they offer for our study and contemplation, not substantial facts, but the shadowy dreams of their own creative mind and brilliant imagination. They may do, and they frequently do, good service to society by deterring men from a career of crime and folly, and by directing them into the road which leads to unblemished reputation, honourable usefulness, and unsullied satisfaction. For their honest efforts we are grateful, and sincerely do we congratulate them on the deserved applause that rewards their intellectual labours.

But there is a *third* class of authors of whom we must now say a few words. The BIOGRAPHER differs from other authors in being strictly confined to a simple detail of *facts*. He derives his knowledge of one whose memory deserves to be preserved, and the honest description of whose useful life will communicate consolation to bereaved relatives and friends, not from doubtful rumour or from fanciful visions, but from authentic documents, personal experience, and unquestionable information. All that is advanced by the honest biographer—and such we desire to prove ourselves—is founded on the solid basis of *truth*. And surely there

is

is something very instructive and encouraging in tracing out the career of a man whose chief aim and invariable object was to set a good example to those with whom he associated, to cheer and comfort those who composed his domestic circle, and to benefit, as far as his means would permit and his abilities enable him, all who came within the sphere of his influence. Nay, we do not indeed exaggerate or write merely ornamental biography, when we express our firm conviction, from our personal intimacy with and knowledge of the esteemed subject of this brief Memoir, that his large and benevolent heart grasped in the whole human race; that the main desire of his mind was to benefit *all* that came within his reach as far as ever opportunity offered.

We shall conclude this little Introduction to the unpretending Work that follows this feeble dissertation, with the expression of an earnest and anxious wish that it may prove—imperfect though we feel it is—acceptable and useful.

MEMOIR.

IN recording the reminiscences which are here collated, it will be obvious that the Editor is impelled by no personal desire to obtrude his ideas, or to present himself before the public.

He is not perhaps convinced of the *necessity* of publishing what is here offered, but he enjoys the satisfaction of having attempted what he conceived to be a useful object. His sole purpose is, to produce a faithful epitome of a useful man's career, and to preserve from oblivion the memory of *some* few of the incidents of a life earnestly and uniformly devoted to Literature and Art.

It is generally understood that a full Memoir of Mr. Woodward will be given to the world,* and the scraps here collected may serve as
a feeble

* Already there have been several rather hastily written accounts of him.

a feeble guide for future biographers. "Little rivulets become large rivers which swell the ocean—atoms and grains of sand form high hills—and small seeds grow into mighty forests;" and those who search for materials with which to construct a memorial of the departed, will consider that many trifles which appear insignificant, and seem to be obscure, may yet possess considerable importance and prove to be valuable acquisitions.

Mr. Woodward's letters will clearly show the feelings which he entertained for the Editor of this brief memoir, as much, or perhaps more than any laboured statement which might be offered as evidence of the friendly intimacy that existed between them. His observations on his own bodily sufferings, demonstrate the great inconvenience that he endured from a disordered heart, and that he was subject to unusual physical distress.

In pursuing the task of collecting the information contained in this memoir, it is to be hoped that there is not one word which can cause displeasure. In the few incidents recorded, the

Editor

Editor has been scrupulously desirous of securing the highest and best authenticated testimony.

It is not only an act of justice to the deceased, but a favour to those who survive, when the life from youth to manhood is honestly traced out and presented for public inspection, because we then feel that we are conversing with a person of well-founded experience; and it is the duty of him who collects notes for a memoir, to be careful in his choice, and to receive and transmit nothing which cannot be authenticated. To render Biography usefully attractive, its basis must be TRUTH. To depict character with fidelity, there must be neither the secret influence of antipathy, nor a misleading bias of partiality.

The extremes of familiarity and of formality are equally to be avoided. Nothing but an honest statement of facts is needed to do justice to the fame, and to perpetuate the honourable memory of one who, while he lived was respected, and now that he is dead, is deeply regretted.

In the following pages the object aimed at, has been to record the few particulars which
are

are registered in plain language and perfect integrity, and if the publication does no other good, it is hoped that it will serve to excite laudable curiosity, and to call forth more extended enquiries; so that by and by an adequate biography of Mr. Woodward may be written on a scale calculated to do justice to the subject.

Sometimes great literary success in early days leads to carelessness in the prime of life, but he who improves his condition by honourable means, merits exemption from oblivion, and it is the privilege of literature to transmit a renowned name to posterity, so as to induce others entering on the career of life to imitate those excellent qualities which all right-minded persons must admire.

Bernard Bolingbroke Woodward, late LIBRARIAN to the QUEEN, will henceforth, not only occupy a prominent place in the roll of distinguished men, whose character and achievements have shed a lustre over the City of Norwich which was his birth-place, but will long be remembered in the wide world of letters.

If this biographical sketch does not present
many

many striking incidents, yet it has some claim to be cherished as a useful lesson and an encouraging stimulus to men of genius, who may, like Mr. Woodward, be called upon in early life to struggle with perplexing difficulties, and to surmount appalling obstacles. His numerous letters and papers would doubtless afford fine materials for a narrative both useful and interesting, for he was known to be persevering in whatever he had once set his heart upon, and in the accomplishment of his purpose no pains wearied him; but this privilege has been denied to the Editor.

His sudden and unexpected decease on the 12th of October, 1869, at his residence in the Royal Mews in London, occasioned by a complaint of the heart, from which he had suffered for a long period, is felt as a loss, not only by a numerous circle of private friends, but also by many admirers of literary and artistic excellence, both in this country and abroad. Indeed it would not be easy to depict the depth and extent of sincere regret which was called forth by the loss of one who by intellectual superiority and moral excellence, won the affection, and still
retains

retains the admiration and esteem of all who were happy enough to know and to appreciate him.

On the morning of the day on which he departed so quietly and calmly from this earth he paid a professional visit to Sir William Jenner, one of the Queen's medical advisers, who, after due examination, recommended *immediate* quietude and cessation from all mental effort. He appeared cheerful on his reaching home, and not long after his arrival retired to his room, followed by his wife, who, on coming upstairs and perceiving that a great and sudden change had come over his features, summoned the family to his bedside, and by the time that medical assistance could be procured, the vital spark had fled.

Thus, he was not left at the *last* hour alone—the kind disinterested friend and the loving parent fell asleep in the company of his wife and in the presence of his children.

His appointed time had come, and the end of his sojourn upon earth was answered. We are thoroughly convinced that no such thing as *chance* or *accident* can exist in the works of God. While life exists and when death occurs there must be
divine

divine and wise design. We mourn the departure of our friends and acquaintances, because we loved their society; but we may not charge God with unkindness in taking them away, because death is not the end of our being—but it is, to the true Christian, a sure and certain passage to eternal life. The *only* knowledge respecting the duration of our earthly existence that can be at all useful, is the knowledge that it cannot last long, and that, while we may be summoned through that dark valley at any moment, ignorance of the precise period is one of the strongest evidences of divine goodness which an intelligent creature can receive.

All attempts to soothe the bereaved ones at such an hour as this would have been fruitless. They knew, for they had been taught, where to go, and they went, and found such support as the “world can neither give nor take away.” The Everlasting Friend of the orphan and the widow, always ready to hear their cry and to afford solid alleviation of misery, was with them in their sorrowful trial, and brought them out of the
conflict

conflict "more than conquerors." Kind and liberal friends appeared in all quarters, and offered such substantial consolation as afforded some mitigation to their grief, and moderated the agony occasioned by their heavy loss. Moreover, the assurance of Christian faith sustains them, knowing that they shall meet again in that blessed state where "sorrow and sighing
"are unknown."

Mr. Woodward, far from wealthy, left his widow and four children very little more than the *remembrance* of his many virtues and useful labours; but while amongst them he was blest with domestic happiness, and was dearly loved by his family.

For how great soever any man's talents may be, it requires a certain amount of time and toil, with other concurrent advantages, to place him in a position of eminence and independence. And when such a one is struck down by the hand of death, while his mental powers are far from being exhausted, and his intellectual labours are still incomplete, though heedless thoughtlessness may be but little impressed by the solemnity of such
an

an event, wise men will pause and ponder over the serious lesson and listen to the warning voice which invites them to work "while it is called "to-day."

All who knew him, and all who are capable of appreciating his worth, will deplore the death of Mr. Woodward, whose remains were interred in Kensall Green Cemetery, on Saturday the 16th of October, 1869. A plain stone with a simple inscription marks the spot.

In Loving Remembrance

OF

BERNARD BOLINGBROKE WOODWARD,

B.A. LOND: F.S.A.,

LIBRARIAN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN,

AND KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS
AT WINDSOR CASTLE,

FROM 1860 TO 1869,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE

OCTOBER 12TH, 1869, AGED 53 YEARS.

"WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH
IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE."

The

The details of a life which by industry and integrity raised its possessor to distinction, and which was embellished by uniform and unwavering usefulness, must interest, and at the same time instruct all who value profitable information and aim at solid improvement.

It is with mournful pleasure that we now set ourselves to the task which devolves on us of recording a few events illustrative of his social habits and enlivening conversation, which may be as beneficial to posterity as a disquisition upon other subjects though they may seem to be more serious and dignified.

We cannot attempt anything like a perfect portraiture of our friend; distinguished as he was by extensive information derived from acute discernment, and an extensive acquaintance with useful literature, there may be much here that appears irrelevant, and more that may not be read; but we are encouraged by a hope that this notice may one day attract the attention, and exercise the ability of some one who will do justice to the subject, and not only rescue from oblivion,

oblivion, but embalm for immortality the memory of a useful member of society.

Mr. Woodward was born at Norwich on the 2nd of May 1816, and had therefore entered upon the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was the son of Mr. Samuel Woodward, long a resident in Norwich, and descended from a family of the highest respectability, the gentility of which, like that of the Norfolk Divine, Archbishop Parker, was not affected by some of its members being in trade. His father was well known far beyond the limits of his native city and the neighbouring counties, as an accomplished archæologist, as well as a geologist and antiquary; and was the author of "A Synoptical Table of Organic Remains,"—"The History of the Antiquities of Norwich Castle,"—"Norfolk's Topographer's Manual," and a work on the "*Geology of Norfolk*." This last work was published after his death, which took place in 1838, under the editorial superintendence of his son, the subject of this brief memoir, and at the express desire of the late Hudson Gurney, Esq., of Keswick, near Norwich, who also purchased the whole of Mr.

Samuel

Samuel Woodward's MSS. and drawings, and to whose memory this memoir is inscribed.

Mr. Woodward received the first rudiments of his education at the Grey Friars Priory, a respectable private school in his native city, conducted by the late Mr. William Brooke, and the improvement which he made under the guidance of that gentleman, displayed a judgment far beyond what might have been expected from his years. He was passionately fond of reading, and the avidity with which he perused history was great, and the power of his memory was singularly retentive; and although he was no marvel of extraordinary genius, he had talents of no common order. His boyhood gave reasonable promise of intellectual success; his mind appeared constantly on the stretch for information. He used to describe his early tutor as a good grammarian, a sound mathematician, an incisive logician, and well skilled in the practical qualifications essential to a teacher of all the subjects required by pupils intended for active pursuits.

He does not appear to have been idle from the period of leaving school, for we find that
when

when very young, he was offered, and accepted the humble appointment of usher in the large boarding school conducted by Mr. Joseph Buck at East Dereham, which he held for nearly two years. He then (1836) entered the banking-house of the renowned firm of Messrs. Gurney at Great Yarmouth, where he had further opportunities of associating with and cultivating the acquaintance of a few select friends, whose dispositions and habits were congenial with his own. He gained considerable reputation while at Yarmouth by his strong taste for antiquarian pursuits, and the friendships which he formed there lasted his life-time. He well knew that there is no royal road to fame, and that industry and perseverance only are necessary to secure success.

At Yarmouth he joined with some others in forming a sort of juvenile debating club, the members of which met twice a-week at each other's rooms, discussing whatever subject might be proposed by their chairman (who was elected by unanimous consent at the hour appointed for their meeting), generally selected from the leading topics

topics of the day, political or religious, and to these means he attributed in a great measure, that readiness and correctness with which in after life he displayed his powers of argument.

It was at this early period of his life that he became through the influence of his first patron, Mr. Dawson Turner, strongly imbued with a taste for antiquarian studies, which was afterwards one of his marked characteristics. During his residence at East Dereham, his mind was attracted to religious enquiry; and he determined, as very many young and earnest men of religious convictions have done, to study for the Ministry. In order to prepare for this profession, after reading with the Rev. William Legge of Fakenham, he entered as a student at the Theological College at Highbury. He would have graduated at Cambridge (as he used to say), but could not submit to the "*forty stripes save one.*"

At Highbury he applied himself most rigidly to the prescribed course of study, principally to the classics; and as this was best suited to his taste, he made rapid progress and became a good well-grounded scholar. He passed through all
the

the prescribed courses at Highbury, and after the completion of the college curriculum with great credit, graduated as B.A. at the University of London, and no man can obtain that degree there without deserving it. In 1842 he accepted the charge of an Independent congregation at Harles-ton in his native county; and in 1843 he was married to Miss Fanny Emma Teulon, daughter of the well-known musical composer, of Yarmouth.

The following condensed extract of a letter from one of his congregation, will give the general character of the mode of public worship adopted in his chapel:—

“ Mr. Woodward was quiet, forceful, and earnest; he neither drawled out mournful wailings, nor repeated forth platform fulsomeness. In his prayers, which seemed as natural to him as song to a bird, he invariably sought a blessing not only on his own little flock, but on the whole human race. In his sermon, his features were lighted up by a pleasant winning smile. He spoke fluently, and sometimes forcibly. He talked good plain English, without nauseous verbiage, and went straight to heart and understanding. He took the Saxon translation of the Bible *not* too literally, nor to be as inspired as the original languages. The two great lessons taught by
“ him

“ him were reverence to God, and regard towards man.
“ He was a good reader. He had a clear, natural voice
“ and delivery of speech. He had large acquaintance
“ with Biblical lore, yet he had gathered sweets from
“ Pagan literature too, and stored his mind well on
“ secular as well as sacred subjects—defending natural
“ as well as revealed religion. He was not a brilliant
“ preacher, but he was earnest, sincere, and pains-
“ taking—as liberal in religious views as a theological
“ school would admit him to be; but, upon the whole,
“ we may conclude that preaching was not suited to
“ his taste or his talents, for at times his discourses,
“ although full of fervour, contained occasional figures
“ and allusions not quite in accordance with evangelical
“ perception.”

It needs not that a preacher should be always wise—there must be a certain mixture of error in every mortal, and in the pulpit it will never do to hesitate to say what he thinks. Calmness will not always answer, for the calm of the pulpit sends us to sleep. A good preacher must give forth all that is in his own heart on the subject which he is discussing.

He made a distinction between religion and the public exercise of religion. *All* God's laws, he said, are to be observed without exception—as well

well as those of the temporal power, when not contrary to Divine command.

No cause of charity or occasion of relief ever escaped him; he pleaded earnestly whenever called upon; and the collections made were generally such as to testify the regard of his congregation to the cause advocated, as well as to show respect for their pastor.

The mind is ever restless and enterprising; not satisfied with exciting the jealousy and raising the admiration of the world by superior progress in one department of science, it rambles on to another, not perhaps suited to its genius, in which it frequently bewilders itself, and sometimes misleads others. Uniformity of success is, by inferior minds, frequently called "*good luck*;" but "known unto God are all His works from the "beginning of the world," and all the doings and dispensations of God, like Himself, wise and holy, just and good, though poor foolish creatures may not be able to comprehend them; and it is only by comparison with the ever-enduring state which is to succeed, that this life can be called short, or our condition in it of little consequence.

A public

A public controversy was going on about this time respecting the *everlasting* punishments of the wicked after death. Mr. Woodward's consistency claims respect. Speaking of Divine justice, he thus explained his own ideas of eternal *torments*: "The torments proceed principally from the wicked themselves who, 'after their hardness 'and impenitent heart, treasure up unto themselves wrath against the day of wrath and 'revelation of the righteous judgment of God.' "A guilty conscience is the worm that dieth not, "and the fire that is never quenched." The utmost point of extreme fear is inimical to the healthful action of conscience, and to be unduly rigid in devotional exercises is but one degree less bad than the indulgence of excess. Religious faith he held to be a *personal* affair altogether, since no man may redeem his brother. For a long time a violent disputation had been raging between partizanship of Church purity and State corruption, and he would argue, and in a very masterly manner too, that the State has not corrupted the Church, but that the Church has, in many instances, enslaved the State; and that there
never

never was a day when State corruption could vie with the atrocities of a profligate priesthood.

We all know that the *inner* life is not fully revealed by words or actions. No one can thoroughly understand another. But he was not satisfied with a mere external profession. The close of such a life as his need cause no overwhelming sorrow. Of such a life as his it is safe to say that "the end of it is peace." He was summoned hence suddenly—he had no death-bed confinement; and it was a favourite saying of his that "a death-bed should be the place to *enjoy* salvation, and not to seek it."

The dissensions and public disputations in the Established Church of England, causing a revolution not only in matters of taste but in religious sentiment altogether, respecting sacerdotal habits and ritualistic ceremonies which had disturbed even Non-conformists, who now compete with the Established Church in *wealth*, induced Mr. Woodward to bid farewell to the ministry altogether, and thereby become a dissenter from all sects.*

Much

* About this time, too, he was engaged in weekly correspondence respecting Church-rates, which he condemned most

Much of his time was now occupied in literary work, and he soon gained considerable reputation as a *reader*; and when, owing to changes caused by removals and deaths, he found it no longer agreeable to remain in the country, he decided, on the first opportunity that offered, to go to London, and devote himself *wholly* to literature.

During his residence at Harleston, amongst those of his first congregation, he became intimate with one of the partners of the firm of Messrs. Childs of Bungay, the well known printers of that town, whose place of business is more easily recollected perhaps as one of the principal places in the *book-number* trade—an ingenious method of dividing a book into sheets or parts, called numbers, stitched in a paper wrapper. Men termed *canvassers* were sent out with catalogues of the books issued, and at nearly every door in village or town one was left “till called for;” and after a lapse of some hours, or perhaps a day or so, orders were solicited.

Although

emphatically—and his letters on the subject, addressed to the editor of a Suffolk newspaper, were calculated not only to persuade, but to decide the question.

Although a most expensive method of purchasing books, yet it was somewhat convenient for those persons who could spare, and not much miss, a sixpence at a time, so as to secure in a few months, or years, a copy of the Family Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Fleetwood's Life of Christ, or Rees's Encyclopædia. Besides, the hawker's license, at that time very costly, was thus avoided, by the canvassers *first* securing subscribers, and then ordering the sheets in consecutive numbers to be periodically delivered. It turned out to be a most ruinous method of *buying* books, because many of them towards the close were carelessly worked off on bad paper—but the trade is now nearly extinct. It was always considered distinct from the respectable bookselling business, and canvassers were generally selected and preferred for their volubility, which was thought more likely to succeed with servants and small shopkeepers, upon whom they principally relied for orders. Nearly all the books printed and published in the itinerant number-fashion may be pronounced to be fit only for a lumber-room.

The

The head of this business, with his extensive connexions, and large undertakings, and *immense profits*, was enabled to facilitate Mr. Woodward's advancement on the new path to which he was turning, and highly appreciating his assiduity and varied attainments, Mr. Childs was glad to avail himself of his services; and thus, like many others, including Goldsmith, Johnson, Dickens, &c., &c., he became a *reader* and corrector of the press—the usual refuge for literary men who are penniless.

Mr. Woodward's first important undertaking at Bungay was a new edition of "Barclay's Universal English Dictionary," published in monthly numbers at the Bungay press. In the execution of this laborious work, his original articles, especially in the departments of biography and geography, were so numerous that it would be hardly too much to say that he almost re-wrote the book, and made it the only edition worth possessing—certainly the best of all books that emanated from Bungay. Soon after the completion of this dictionary he removed to London.

In 1853 appeared his first original work,
entitled,

entitled, "*A History of Wales from the Earliest Time to its final Incorporation with the Kingdom of England.*" No English History of that region of mystery and fable had been written for sixty years previously; and during that period not only had a large addition been made to the materials required by the historian, but an entirely new method of dealing with them had become necessary. By laborious study of ancient genuine records, and by unremitting endeavours to discriminate between *history* and *legend*, Mr. Woodward succeeded in reconstructing the ancient chronicles of Wales in a more authentic shape than had ever been given to them before. By the addition of carefully-written notices of the physical geography and mineral wealth of Wales, with chapters on the religion, diversity of blood, literature, language, laws, customs, manners, and arts of the Welsh, he made the work a very complete and fascinating picture of the land and the people, concluding with sentiments such as these:—

*"Long may the withering demon of agitation
"leave untouched by its terrible influence the
"peaceable temperament which sways those loyal
"bosoms*

*“ bosoms whose dearest associations are linked with
“ the glories and the wilds of Cambria.”*

The corrupting inconsistencies of designing men in every age have had a strange effect upon Welsh people, and in no district, even to the present day, are supernatural *wonders* more firmly believed than in the remote parts of the counties of Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire. It was the common belief among the Welsh that King Arthur was still alive, and would return to reign. Ever since the time when astrologers pretended to predict the destinies of individuals, the fictions of the original inhabitants of mountainous countries have passed down as truths,—the traditions which told of spiritual and demoniacal influence.

All countries have their story-tellers varying in different ages. Fiction is a department by itself. The merits of Fielding and Dickens are of the highest order; but those who can read without blushing the grossness of Fielding, have certainly lost that delicacy which is the greatest charm of life; whilst Dickens has not left a passage in one of his numerous books that is offensive to delicacy or morality. Yet there may
be

be many scenes which seem to shake the soul by superstitious terrors. Burdens on men are the natural consequences of this—even life is sometimes called a burden, and sin is a burden, but as Dr. Johnson says, “The *greatest* burden in the “ world is *superstition*.”

Mr. Woodward not only attacked the fabulous accounts of the pretended liberation of Wales, but actually *discovered* and *proved* that the history of that country was neither more nor less than a plagiaristic reprint of Pagan mythology; and he believed, that if ever he visited the Principality and became recognised as the author of this History of Wales, he would be roughly treated by those resident Welsh who had read his book: and he was sometimes, perhaps, rather severe in expression, and conscious of this, he occasionally gave utterance to a doubt as to his probable reception if ever he visited Wales again, on account of the fidelity that dictated his history of that Principality. However, let us hope that the progress of really sound useful education, such as the Bishop of St. David's supports, free from vain superstitions, will yet be sufficient to unfold
truth,

truth, and to lead all persons to discountenance such dreamy, unintelligible, visionary theories of invisible influences as "Corpse Candles," and not only to shame, but also to silence the fabulous tales that are, or have been told of Merlin. Peter Roberts, a Welsh divine of the 17th century, in *his* sketch of the history of Ancient Britons, ridicules the ideas which were popular in *his* day, and boldly rejects such intrinsically vulgar and absurd stories;—stories which would be absurd and even laughable enough, if they were not blended with religious pictures. The Hanoverian nobleman, Herr von Munchausen took delight in reciting amongst the peasants of Waldech, the terrible dangers into which he had *never* fallen, and the marvels which were created entirely by his own inventions; but he never attempted to blend them with *serious* fear.

Mr. Woodward assisted in writing a History of America, to the end of the administration of President Polk. This work had been undertaken, and its earlier chapters were composed by his friend Mr. W. H. Bartlett, and it was published in the United States alone. He subsequently commenced

commenced a History of Hampshire, but was compelled by the pressure of other inevitable engagements to relinquish it, after the completion of his agreeable History of Winchester. He also turned his attention to Reviews, and entered into engagements more beneficial, and more pleasing than the drudgery of editing Dictionaries and other School Books.

In 1860, on the demise of Mr. Glover, who had for many years filled the enviable post of Librarian to the Queen, at Windsor Castle, Mr. Woodward's name was mentioned to the Prince Consort in reply to enquiries for a competent successor, not, however, as was erroneously asserted and generally believed, by Dr. Wilberforce, who was then Bishop of Oxford and Royal Almoner.*

Acting

* The age in which we live is an *earnest* one—whatever is pursued is in earnestness. The time for apathy in any department has fairly gone by. The demand is for the right man in the right place. In every age of the world there has been an idolatrous worship of some kind or other. In one age, talent; in another, courage; and in our's it is earnestness—and earnestness in any wise direction is a good thing. Applications for the appointment were super-abundant on all sides, from learned professors in our universities to literary aspirants in obscure places. Although not very remunerative, such as the office of Librarian to the House of

Acting on the advice of a *sincere friend* at head-quarters, he forwarded to the Prince Consort the *same* printed *testimonials* which he had sent in when he was a candidate for the vacant secretaryship of a large and popular society, and to these testimonials, and to these *alone*, he owed his appointment to the office of Librarian to the Queen.

An interview took place shortly after at Windsor Castle, when the Prince Consort recognised in Mr. Woodward the qualities which he sought, and in a few days the responsible office of Librarian in Ordinary to the Queen, and Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at Windsor Castle, was conferred on him. But before the appointment was publicly ratified and confirmed, Mr. Woodward sought the earliest opportunity of informing Her Majesty and the Prince that there was *one* circumstance which he had omitted to mention, and which might disqualify him for the post. This announcement caused some surprise at

Lords, yet being a post of great honour and high trust, it is one of the few official stations *within* the Court circle which demands superior talent and unimpeachable morality.

at first, but the Prince calmly enquired, "Pray
 " what is the disqualification to which you
 " allude?" "It is," replied Mr. Woodward,
 " that I have been educated for, and have actu-
 " ally conducted, the services of an Independent
 " congregation in the country." "And why
 " should that be thought to disqualify you?"
 rejoined the Prince. "It does nothing of the
 " sort. If that is all, we are quite satisfied, and
 " feel perfectly safe in having you for librarian."
 And Mr. Woodward did honour to the office, by
 his diligence, ability, and integrity.

The following, copied from the *Oswestry
 Advertiser* of December 1, 1869, was confirmed
 by the late Mr. Gore, Minor-canon of St.
 George's Chapel, Windsor, who heard it related
 in Mr. Woodward's presence.

" On the day of the second interview between Her
 " Majesty and the Prince Consort and the Librarian
 " in the library, the Queen turned round and asked
 " Mr. Woodward what he thought of the library?
 " Ready as he always was with an answer to any
 " question from any one, Mr. Woodward replied,
 " '*Your Majesty has certainly the most splendid Book-*
 " '*stall in the Kingdom!*' This reply has been mentioned

"as

“ as one of the happiest ever made by the librarian.
“ The library *was* filled with a most exquisite collection of valuable books, prints, drawings, and papers,
“ but all in one mass of confusion; everything was then
“ out of place. Now everything is in order, and this
“ most magnificent and costly collection is noticed with
“ admiration by every man of letters, connoisseur, and
“ artist.”

A very small portion of the space which now forms the library or Chester Tower, had been devoted to that purpose before the year 1840, when it was greatly enlarged, and afterwards furnished with most of the spacious galleries, rooms, and corridors, which were planned by the late Prince Consort, for preserving the very large and choice collection of books and valuables, and still more for rendering these treasures of fine art more accessible to students, and thus more serviceable to the world. Mr. Woodward always felt and displayed great pleasure when any of the neighbouring gentry expressed a wish to visit the library. On several occasions he enquired of his friend Dr. Brown, why he did not direct his *clerical* patients to visit the library, as it was the wish of the Prince Consort, and
of

of the Queen, that the works there might prove of use to ALL, and not be hoarded up as it were merely for ornament or for their intrinsic value.

It is hardly necessary to say, that Mr. Woodward, by his able and zealous discharge of the duties of his new position, acquired the esteem both of Her Majesty and of the Prince Consort; that his counsel and suggestions were frequently sought by them on matters of Art and Literature. Also in his intercourse with the numerous and distinguished visitors, whether Englishmen or Foreigners, Bishops, Statesmen, Artists, or Authors, with whom he was brought into official contact—he made many a strong and lasting friendship.

In his demeanour he was ever courteous and ready to oblige; and being able to communicate useful information, he gained the good opinion of all with whom he associated, so that it is universally asserted, that for regularity, precision, ease of reference, and excellence of arrangement, there was no library in the Kingdom to be compared with that of which he had the care and control. Order and regularity were his ceaseless aim

aim and chief delight; and scarcely anything disturbed him more than to find a book out of its place, or turned upside down. He who is careful in little things, always takes care of great ones. It would fill a large volume to give the contents of the royal library—a growing collection of all the best authors in the world—and many works of unique variety and beauty.

The many thousands of engravings, of which there is here an unrivalled collection in every branch of the art, are now so systematically arranged as to render reference to any particular print, portrait, or master, one of the easiest things imaginable. A high personage was one evening looking over a folio of portraits, and came upon a very choice artistic engraving of Oliver Cromwell, which was instantly put aside. “I think,” said Mr. Woodward, “that while that print deserves notice as a work of art, Cromwell was not so bad a man after all. He rescued the country from ruin and confusion; and though it is to be deeply regretted that he consented to the execution of Charles the First; yet he is believed by many to have yielded at
“ this

“ this melancholy crisis to an external pressure
 “ which he found to be irresistible. Had he not
 “ signed the warrant, he might have failed to
 “ save the King, while he sacrificed the country
 “ to a tyrannical and unprincipled party, whose
 “ evident object was to establish Popery, and
 “ thus to obliterate every vestige of British
 “ liberty.” Upon hearing these words the
 portrait was taken up a second time and for
 some minutes scrupulously examined; thus
 affording an interesting subject for an artist’s
 pencil.

Just after the completion of the painting of
 the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales,
 Mr. Thomas, one of the artists employed, visited
 the library and asked Mr. Woodward’s *candid*
opinion of the work,—“ Well, since you wish for
 “ my *candid opinion* of what must be universally
 “ admitted to be a fine composition, I will give
 “ it to you briefly and honestly. You have
 “ assisted in producing a very interesting and
 “ historical work of art, but, *every eye* in the
 “ *picture* is directed anywhere but where all eyes
 “ present would have naturally been fixed, and
 “ where

“ where all ought to have been concentrated;
“ namely, *on the Royal Bride.*”

Thomas saw at once and for the first time, the justice of this observation, and with a sudden start left the library promising to return. “ Why “ Woodward,” exclaimed the narrator of this incident, “ you have offended the artist.” “ Oh “ no, he replied, Thomas is not the man to be so “ easily offended by honest criticism; he has only “ left for a few minutes’ thought; I shall probably “ find him in my room meditating some alter- “ ation in the picture, if it be not too late.”

There can be no pleasanter recreation in any kind of weather than that of visiting exhibitions of pictures. Even the villager who gapes about him, and looks in at every shop-window as he trudges along the streets on his first visit to London, and to whom its common scenes are novel and surprising, can find quite enough to arrest his attention and amuse his mind in a gallery of paintings. Mr. Woodward used to recount numerous anecdotes of the startling criticisms of sharp farming-men, while examining rustic scenes depicted on the canvas. “ See “ that,”

“that,” said a brawny countryman one day to his friend; “the painter has put on the old “thiller’s collar upside down.” “Aye,” said his companion, “and look at the newly-shod grey, “with *nine* nails in his shoe—besides, who ever “saw a curb on the bit of a cart-horse’s bridle?” This was *art criticism*; and could only a few of the remarks of *such* critics be heard, we should learn useful truths from their practical knowledge of subjects so familiar to them in the course of their daily toil.

On another occasion, there were introduced in a hay-making scene *three* men *pitching*, and only one man receiving the prongs of hay on the rick: “A thing,” as the countryman observed, “no “one ever did see but in a *picture*.” A casual observer in picture galleries might allow such remarks to pass unheeded, but our friend, whenever such genuine opinions caught his ear, would *instantly* make a note of each, and relate them on the first opportunity.

A friend on going into his private room in the Castle one day, found him arranging several catalogues of second-hand books; and on asking
whether

whether he preserved such things? "Yes," he answered, "I know what care has been bestowed " in the preparation of many of them, and I " know also how useful I have found some old " works which are too often regarded as merely " waste-paper, and treated accordingly. Look," said he, "at that one book," pointing to its title. " This I shall immediately order, though not in " my own name, nor shall I give my address at " Windsor, for, if I did, I should put the book-seller to unnecessary trouble, and perhaps " expense, since he might enclose in the parcel " for approval, many other books which I might " not want, and should be obliged to return. " There are," he continued, " many industrious " and excellent men who deal in second-hand " books, and to whom we are indebted for the " preservation of some scarce works of early " date—books that have been consigned to " second-hand dealers by executors and others, " and but for careful collation, would have perished in ignorant hands." Dibdin's searching experience clearly confirms this—his account of finding a copy of the first edition of the Bible, with

with the first printed date about 1462, upon *Vellum* is very interesting. It was discovered upon the shelves of a Leipsic bookseller, after having lain there for many years. And when paper was expensive, it was a common practice for bookbinders to use old letters and pamphlets in securing and padding up between the covers and end-papers. Mr. Woodward himself rescued many curious documents which had been used in this way, and among them he found some connected with the royal family of Stuart. "And "it is a lamentable fact that there are others "who do little else than cater at enormous "profits, for the gratification of the profligate "and the vicious."

It is to be regretted that many books, published in the 16th and 17th centuries, are now much sought after on account of their poisoning infidelity and disgusting licentiousness.

Original sketches and drawings of the works of the great masters are carefully labelled and distinctly classified in their respective compartments in the library,

The royal miniatures, painted by the most distinguished

distinguished artists, are judiciously arranged in drawers in the print-room. In short, all the contents of this valuable collection are so skillfully arranged that any article can be found with perfect facility, and without the slightest loss of time.

A catalogue of the entire library, with all the drawings and prints, is now in course of preparation. A valuable copy of Coverdale's Bible, of the date of 1535, in excellent condition, is preserved in one of the glazed table-cases; but a perfect copy of Miles Coverdale's Bible is yet unknown.* Many other illustrated books and rare manuscripts enhance considerably the attraction of this interesting repository. Here also is the Psalter in Latin, on vellum, printed at Mentz by Fust and Schoeffer in 1457—the first book
ever

* The cause of its rarity, even in an imperfect state, is obvious enough. Many a copy which had survived the cupidity of the searchers in Mary's reign, was negligently treated by the posterity of their first possessors; being placed in dark, damp holes and corners. Besides many of these earlier copies of Protestant Bibles were burnt at Smithfield, and Cranmer's own funeral pile was perhaps lighted with the leaves of his own Bible!—Religious persecution is always the most keen and cutting.

ever printed with a date, and the first printed in colours: and consequently very valuable. This edition affords a matchless effort of the art of printing, and is the earliest specimen of Gothic type upon vellum.

These noble galleries must be visited to be fully appreciated. The landscapes seen from all the windows of the library are very beautiful; and it seems somewhat surprising that pictures have not been painted from them to set forth the varied beauties of each season of the year. From one or two of the windows old Thames can be traced, for miles, winding his "silvery way" through verdant and extensive meadows; from others, as far as the eye can reach, may be seen a forest of elms and oaks, diversified with noble mansions and village spires. Many of the large clumps and long double rows of forest trees in the "Home Park" were planted in commemoration of the births of the children of George the Third. And from another point of view the "antique towers" of old Eton Chapel contrast strikingly with the modern viaduct of the Great Western Railway, which is two miles long. And
from

from another window, on a fine day, the eye wanders over a wide-spreading horizon till the vision is gratified by a view of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The Castle, one of the noblest structures in the world, has proved a rich subject for the pencil of many renowned artists, which, while it exhibits no sign of change or decay, and displays no old buttresses and Norman arches in ruinous dilapidation, is a complete specimen of English grandeur, gigantic magnificence, and exquisite workmanship; and some really charming views are being taken of the various situations selected by Mr. Ward, a talented artist of Leicester, who is now employed by Royalty in producing water-colour drawings, treated with high artistic skill, which are likely to secure fame in the rank of Roberts and Cattermole.

The storms which sometimes pass over the Castle at night, are described by Mr. Woodward as awfully grand; while the sighing of the night-wind in the tops of lofty, towering trees produces a pleasing melancholy, and creates a solemn thoughtfulness.

Mr. Woodward's duties as librarian, far from
preventing

preventing, facilitated his engaging in various literary projects.

In 1863, with the judicious intention of combining amusement with instruction, he started *The Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, and undertook the editorship of this promising work, which, supported by men of eminence in art and literature, soon became popular in Great Britain, France, and Germany; but as it was adapted chiefly to a class of men not numerous enough to secure its commercial success, it was, after the publication of several parts, discontinued. A good capital is required to establish a quarterly review, and a still greater capital to commence and carry on an illustrated review—but genius seldom displays a clear perception in money matters.

The precarious condition of Mr. Woodward's health for several years previous to his decease, was evidently occasioned by his attending too closely to the duties which devolved upon him, and yet, he still continued to work indefatigably.

He was never satisfied with what he had done, but when one work was completed, he invariably engaged

engaged in another, with unflagging perseverance and unwearied energy.

Many times during the last twelve months of his life he has been heard to say to his familiar acquaintances, and indeed to his medical advisers also, that he supposed he "*must die*, and this to convince them that he was "not in health, but was really suffering from "exhaustion and pain."

The interchange of sympathy with friends seemed necessary to his very existence; and perhaps it might be reasonably concluded that he enjoyed a considerable share of this valuable treasure. But it was never sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his heart; and hence, like the flower which opens to the genial warmth of the morning sun, but closes to the darkness and cold of night, his feelings seemed not unfrequently to retire within himself, and those who were not familiar with him might conclude, though wrongfully, that he was somewhat reserved.

He had arranged with a few friends, only a short time before his death, to make a sort of *pilgrimage* to that retired and yet renowned spot,
Stoke

Stoke Poge's Church, the favourite spot of the immortal Gray, whose works he frequently quoted, and for whose poetry he often expressed great admiration;—though much greater for the character of Gray's mother. She maintained the family during even the lifetime of her abandoned husband, and the Poet wrote her epitaph thus:—

“ The careful, tender mother of many children, one
“ of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.”

Other similar little trips into the country had been frequently proposed, but were postponed till their accomplishment became impossible. Thus:

“ Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.”—YOUNG.

Not that Mr. Woodward was a procrastinator—far from it. All his *serious* engagements were attended to; but whenever selfish enjoyment, or personal gratification, was the only consideration, he displayed perfect disinterestedness. In his literary undertakings he had not been successful, and although his income had never exceeded that which a frugal housewife requires, yet he was too
ready

ready to listen to the suggestions of others, and too sanguine in his own expectations. This was made especially manifest on his starting the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, in which he unfortunately associated with persons whose connection proved so untoward that he had not even a chance of success. Not having sufficient funds of his own to advertise the work fully, it failed—whereas it is now believed that, under more favourable circumstances, it would have proved a profitable affair; but all worldly prospects and promises lead to disappointment—and yet, doubtless, it is better that it should be so. We are too apt to be fond of earth, and to cling to it with all its evils and iniquities. We want something to deliver us from its snares and deceptions.

How often do we see a mere speculator amassing a large fortune—building a grand house, and keeping his carriage, while authors and editors are hardly able to procure a subsistence. Money appears to be essential to success. In France it is proverbial that talents command money; in our country money too frequently commands talent. In Europe and America writers
commonly

commonly receive respect; but in England they are, especially if in needy circumstances, too often slighted. The bond between *writers* and *printers* in foreign countries is their stronghold, and by it they overcome all opposition and secure eminence. In England, on the contrary, printers and publishers, for whom we entertain high respect, become affluent; while authors, who are the originators of their success, are too often treated with neglect, and suffered to sink into obscurity.

“ We have,” says the *Athenæum* of April 20, 1872, “ the greatest respect for publishers; but on looking at “ the names of the Committee of the Copyright Association some evil-minded persons may remember who “ they were who, once upon a time, combined to protect “ the lambs from cruel enemies. *All* literary property “ originates in the exertions of authors; publishers “ acquire an interest in it only through their dealings “ with authors; and one would have expected to find “ that the governing body of this Association would “ contain at least as many men of letters as members of “ ‘the trade.’ Yet the honorary secretary to the Association is a publisher; the treasurer is a publisher; and “ of the fourteen members of the Committee *nine* are “ publishers, whilst only three are authors by profession.

“ This

"This is a little unfortunate—not to say much too bad."

Prudence, it may be urged, is seldom the distinguishing characteristic of authors, and from the want of it, many who might otherwise have enjoyed considerable comfort, are reduced to poverty in the decline of life. Such conclusions, however, are not *always* correct. We have known some careful and prudent men crushed by domestic calamities, and consumed by inevitable illness.

On the last day of January, 1867, Mr. Woodward had been invited to give a lecture at St. James's School-room, Clapham, "On Early Christian Art." A numerous and highly respectable audience assembled on that occasion, and the lecture was unanimously applauded, as being both pleasant and instructive.

Mr. Woodward elucidated his remarks by some clever specimens of the various styles of art from the earliest Christian date down to the present time. He represented ancient *art* as the embodiment of human beauty; but modern art as too often the handmaid of doleful idolatry. He advocated

advocated the reading of the best authors on the lives of painters, sculptors, and architects, and lamented that this part of general history is too often neglected in our schools, though, if duly studied, it would be found entertaining and profitable. What, argued the lecturer, can display more detestable impiety than the assurance that a portion of the column of oriental jasper which was brought from Jerusalem in 1223, is identical with that to which the Saviour was bound at the scourging? In many churches in Italy are to be found bronze statues of heathen gods, decorated with sumptuous trumpery, adored by the devotee, and received as Christian saints. In St. Peter's at Rome, Jupiter is set forth as St. Peter himself. In many churches in England we now see the ancient Egyptian charm against witchcraft conspicuously dangling in gaudy embroidery about the pulpit and communion table-cloths; and, let us ask, what beauty or truth can be associated with the pictorial exhibition of George and the Dragon in the memorial ("Te-Deum") window of the National Chapel at Windsor? What can the Mythic and Pagan romance of George and the Dragon

Dragon have to do with symbols which illustrate the life of our Lord?

This lecture was reported in the daily newspapers and scientific magazines, and was generally described as an *epitome* of the history of art, and calculated to convey information on many important matters which call for distinct illustration.

In the same year a neat little volume, published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., entitled, "YOUTHFUL IMPULSE and MATURE REFLECTION," with some fugitive Poems and Translations, was dedicated to Mr. Woodward. The profits of the work were intended to aid the funds then raising for the proposed Royal Albert Literary Institute at Windsor. An eligible site in the centre of the town had been purchased, and great efforts were being made to erect a suitable building in memory of him who, during his connection with this country, was foremost in every work which had for its object the good of society. It would be seemingly absurd to insinuate that such a work could not be accomplished in the midst of resident royalty and a long list of aristocracy; but the inhabitants of the town who take an
interest

interest in the advancement of literature and art, are few in number. The place now used as the Mechanics' Institute has been frequently condemned as unsuitable for the purpose to which it is applied, being a miserable old house, dilapidated and ill-ventilated, and quite incapable of improvement. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more inconvenient than the interior, except, perhaps, the approach and entrance from the street. This want of decent accommodation had attracted the attention of the subject of this memoir, and had led him to act in concert with those who had publicly come forward to assist in carrying out a plan for a new building, which has been universally admired and applauded as worthy of the town of Windsor and its immediate vicinity. The elevation was most appropriate and elegant—the arrangements were in harmony with comfort and convenience—plenty of light and ventilation were secured, and a large lecture-room, with many class-rooms, were well arranged. The total sum required in the estimate did not exceed £4000; but an unfortunate movement—of party character—upset the whole scheme, and tended

tended to draw out personal invective, ending in "hatred, malice, and uncharitableness" between those whose position alone might have augured good things, if they had acted with unanimity and encouraged usefulness; but now there appears little or no chance of ever seeing the Royal Albert Institute at Windsor, which commenced with such pleasing anticipations, ever erected and flourishing in Sheet Street.

On the 23rd February, 1869, Mr. Woodward delivered a lecture on "The Study of History," under the presidency of the author of this memoir. This was the only occasion on which he spoke in public at Windsor, and the lecture was attended by most of the professional men of the town and neighbourhood. It was delivered in the room of the Mechanics' Institute, and the place afforded unmistakeable demonstration of its unfitness in every respect, and especially its unsuitableness for the reception of ladies. The apology usually offered to every stranger who came to lecture in that building was offered by the members of the committee to Mr. Woodward. To their expression of regret for the want of
accommodation,

accommodation, he briefly replied, "The company
" appears to have been inconvenienced in more
" ways than one."

The correctness with which he portrayed the
different epochs of history, and the clearness
with which he illustrated the subject, will be
long remembered by those who had the privilege
of hearing him. He dwelt particularly on the
expediency of forming a good library, connected
with the Institution. "Books," he observed,
" of reference upon all subjects are invaluable
" for acquiring or recovering an accurate know-
" ledge of any one subject to which we may
" consider it advisable to devote our attention.
" Good encyclopædias and dictionaries of the
" arts and sciences are most useful for saving
" time, and furnishing prompt and satisfactory
" information on the subject to which we refer.
" As the true value of a library consists not in
" its extent and number of books, but in the
" worth and usefulness of them, those persons
" who present worn-out and worthless volumes
" contribute little or nothing to the cause of
" social improvement; while, on the contrary,
" those

“ those who contribute standard works on Natural History, Science and Art, Biography and General History, in sound condition, confer on society a lasting benefit, and one which will be long and gratefully remembered.” His attitude and action proclaimed the modest orator, untrammelled by the critical laws of elocution. His political allusions proved him to be liberal in his views. “ Men,” he said, “ *will* form opinions according to circumstances, and it is but right that they should be free—and history is composed of the actions of men.” He exhibited a penetrating and commanding intellect, not deeming it an impropriety, how strong soever the prejudice of *fashion* and *party* might be, for a man to express himself clearly whenever a *change* comes over his unbiased judgment. He sketched the different public characters of each succeeding age. He defended the rights of individuals, and the constitution of the country—boldly opposed and condemned all abuses, especially those that occur in educational endowments. He expressed the highest respect for the public press; and asserted that its inde-

pendence

pendence was entirely owing to a liberal government. Political reforms, in his opinion, were the only sure, logical, and legitimate modes of producing *social* reforms.

Cromwell was an educated Cambridge scholar, and instead of being indebted for his power to ignorance, he had studied almost to madness, and was as keen as his uncle Hampden on all questions which occupied the deepest minds of that unrivalled age. He did not gamble, but he struggled for a principle, and may be placed on a parallel with the great despiser of all philosophers, in that country where they were never plentiful.

Nor did Mr. Woodward omit to dilate upon the modern (imperfect) mode of appointing the governing bodies of provincial boroughs. Formerly the chief magistrates and permanent justices of the peace in large towns were selected for their loyalty, independence, and learning; now, however, it is very different, and not unfrequently we see men appointed as justices of the peace who are by no means staunch to the throne—are violent party politicians, ignorant of the first
rules

rules of grammar, and totally unacquainted with the principles of the constitution.

Throughout the lecture he did not fail to represent the amity and respect which was now general among persons agreeing to differ in modes of faith—owing, as he advocated, to the prevalence of a deep draught from the great and almost the only pure spring of education unaccompanied by arrogant and overbearing dogma. There was a place somewhere near London consisting of eight houses *only*, all fully occupied, named Eton Villas or Eton Terrace, where all lived in perfect harmony, visiting each other in the most friendly manner, and yet no two of the different residents went to the same place of worship. This was quoted as an instance of practical Christian charity.

Without a note before him, he entertained his audience considerably beyond the time usually occupied by such addresses. He introduced throughout subject for reflection, and at the close a vote of thanks was ordered to be recorded on the minutes for the instructive and interesting lecture, delivered, as it had been, in language at
once

once elegant and simple. The Windsor newspaper thus noticed the meeting in its weekly news:—

“ The talented lecturer, the Queen’s librarian, Mr. B. B. Woodward, exhibited a command of language that is not easily attained, a wide erudition, a thorough acquaintance with ancient and modern chronicles— and the discourse altogether, a fine specimen of English composition, delivered in an easy, conversational style that was delightful to listen to, was not only replete with sound teaching for the student, but was full of practical advice, from one who is himself an able historian, for the advantage of future historiographers.”

The more we think of his social worth and public value, the more we regret that he has passed away from us so suddenly and so soon. Like a truly conscientious historian he neither introduced nor omitted any circumstances, except as he felt that he was authorised and supported by sound sense and simple truth. His religious opinions would appear at times to clash with the “ high ” professions now put forth by some of the clergy of the Established Church. He was an advocate for true catholic order, and opposed not only to sectarian but to all intolerance. His chief
aim

aim seemed to be to live in harmony with "all sorts and conditions of men." One of his favourite sayings was, whenever discussion arose in the presence of opposing theologians, "The Word of God, reverently spoken, is good *everywhere* and *anywhere*." Whenever he launched out on the broad walk of controversy, he declared himself with convincing force. On one occasion, when debating rather warmly with a clergyman of no ordinary repute, on the subject of *schism*, he gave utterance to the following assertion, which was preserved in writing at the time and lately handed to the editor of these notices:—

"Without endeavouring to reconcile conflicting opinion with my own religious views, I know too well from experience that great odium has been brought on the *truth* of Scripture by the unseemly brawls of infatuated or fanatical men *professing* the same doctrinal points; therefore, I think it is much better and safer that a hundred sects should exist, than to hear that impiety, blasphemy, hatred, malice, and all evil passions, disgrace the temples where ministers *pretend* to worship *none* but the One Eternal Spirit. They forget the precept which teaches to 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'

Frequently,

Frequently, when discussing the character of theologians, he spoke in a melancholy strain of the truth that John Calvin, that good man, caused Servetus, a Unitarian, to be *burned alive* in the market-place at Geneva; and, to aggravate the crime, Servetus had a *pass* which, he supposed, would ensure his safety. Yet Calvin was generally a mild man, and his doctrines and followers are all opposed to persecution. "Alas!" observed Mr. Woodward, "God left him for a short time—a short moment; and, by his own unaided power, he could not stand—he fell; and has left a stain on his character which will tarnish it to the end of time." "What then?" he continued: "God's truth is not changed because man is weak. We receive *that truth* from man *instrumentally*; from God alone **AUTHORITATIVELY.**" No one is sinless. Noah got drunk; Lot committed incest; David was guilty of adultery and murder; Peter, with oaths and curses, denied that he knew his Lord:—yet these were all children of God. Any man left to his own evil heart *must* fall—and it is preposterous to question the wisdom of the Almighty.

Almighty. The sense of this keeps the true Christian humble, but does not make him less desirous of sanctification.

Whenever an opportunity offered, his kindness to young men, the friends or sons of his acquaintance, was actively displayed in forwarding their efforts or wishes to obtain a livelihood by honest industry, and, in many instances, he has helped them to procure respectable employment.

He said kind things with the simplicity of a child. He delivered conscientious opinions with the dignity of a man. There was neither obscurity nor prevarication in anything that he said or did—concealment of purpose was not among his foibles. He one day remarked, when speaking seriously about another life, that, how much soever he might love the present world, yet his views and hopes of the never-ending after-life were supremely figurative and highly dignified; and he ended by quoting the line of Pope:—

“ Oh! grant *me* honest fame—or none at all!”

His usual promenade before breakfast, at Windsor, was on the Royal Slopes, where he
solaced

solaced himself with moderate smoking of the soothing weed which Pope Urban VIII. detested and which Pope Pius IX. loves—tobacco, which the Nuncio of P. Pius denominated “*Herba sanctæ crucis*,” which has contributed and does contribute so much to the comfort as well as benefit of many. He had recourse to many of the advertised specifics for complaints apparently similar to his own, until he was informed, as a caution, by the late Mr. Brown of Windsor, that in “most of these anodyne medicines opium was known to be the chief ingredient; that that drug would in a short time, if immoderately absorbed into the system, disorder the imagination, and probably impair the intellect.” This friendly admonition he mentioned more than once to the writer.

Mr. Woodward’s mornings were generally devoted to reading or writing, except when dictating to his daughter, who acted as his amanuensis while he paced up and down the room. Whenever he had the opportunity, which offered generally every day at the Castle Library when the Court was at Windsor, he found great pleasure
in

in the company and conversation of literary men; and it was the general remark of all who visited the library that the conversation of the librarian was at all times learned, various, and rich.

The following sets forth Mr. Woodward's ready wit:—Dining one day, in 1867, at the Castle, with equeries and other gentlemen of the Royal Household, one of the guests, a foreigner, was distinguished by the general keenness of his appetite. A spirited debate arose respecting the superiority of the breach-loading gun over the muzzle-loader—one of the party remarking that it was the best invention of the kind ever introduced. The foreigner alluded to seemed to differ in opinion from the rest of the company. Mr. Woodward was appealed to for his opinion. He at once replied—"One of the honourable disputants is, most certainly, a distinguished muzzle-loader!" This *jeu d'esprit*

"Set the table in a roar,"

and was heartily enjoyed by all, except one, who was too busy with his dinner to perceive that a jest had been uttered and that he was the object of it.

For

For many years there has been an increasing display of antiquarian research, and very few of the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was a Fellow, excelled Mr. Woodward in mediæval knowledge. In the freedom of social intercourse he expressed his sentiments very clearly, not only with reference to the authors of his own day, (with many of whom he maintained constant correspondence), but to those antiquaries who would impose upon us the absurd suggestion that their authors were masters of *magic-arts*, consulting with spirits in a very peculiar way, and that they commanded demons and compelled them to minister to their designs. For all such advocates he entertained a thorough contempt.

He possessed an accurate and extensive knowledge of geography, and was also skilled in the science of mineralogy. Of all the necessary requirements in a useful education, geography takes a high and important place in the scheme of attaining knowledge—but Mr. Woodward says in his treatise that geography is not understood in England, on account of the imperfect mode of instruction. He advocates the necessity of the
teacher's

teacher's being capable to impart this branch of education; and that could only be secured by legislating for qualification by public examination of every one, male or female, who take upon themselves the profession of teacher.

Hitherto the subject has been generally left to the *home* governess, and not esteemed worthy of the same serious attention that is bestowed on history, languages, or mathematics—but geography is closely allied to all these. Many educated people speak of geography as merely a subject for childhood, and that consideration alone induced Mr. Woodward to compile his “First Lessons in Geography,” and wherever it has been used, it has been pronounced a proper desideratum in the curriculum of school or home study.

Many youths of fair knowledge in Greek and Latin frequently display unpardonable ignorance in the truths of geography. Of this the late Professor Arrowsmith remarks that the low place of that science in the general course of mental training is an object of special remark of learned foreigners.

Mr. Woodward

Mr. Woodward has endeavoured, in "First Lessons," to impress upon the mind of the pupil a due regard to being careful so to understand geography as a mathematical science, and that a map is a representation upon a *plane* surface which is, in reality, a rounded surface or sphere. The terrestrial globe should be constantly consulted as the best and easiest manner of understanding the surface of the earth. The whole of the treatise is devoted to the science which it professes to explain, and there is no better or clearer book on the subject in the catalogue of school-books than "Woodward's First Lessons in Geography."

His disposition was cheerful, and though his temper might have been occasionally hasty, it was always under the control of a kind heart; and although a man of genuine wit, he took pains to conceal it. His company was much courted; but though he enjoyed good society, he never allowed it to steal him away from those studies which attracted him more forcibly than other pursuits. He was an excellent father, and model of conjugal affection. His manners were gentleman-like and
unassuming

unassuming—equally free from artifice and assumption. He displayed throughout his career extraordinary equanimity, neither elated with mirth nor dejected by sadness. He was large-hearted and generous—parsimonious in nothing but time. He has been frequently heard to declare that he could not exist without occupation. He knew no other ambition than that of knowledge. His complexion was clear and light, his forehead high, his eyes very expressive and animated, his hair chestnut and curling naturally, his stature of moderate height (neither tall nor short), his person well developed but inclined to be corpulent. The expression of his countenance was pleasing; his voice was sweet, yet manly and sonorous; and his clear reasoning in conversation invariably affable and instructive. He was universally popular with persons of all ranks; but he appeared most amiable when seen in playful intercourse with his children.

Although his reading was very extensive, he could quote readily important passages from the authors that he had perused, for he seemed to remember whatsoever he had read. Judicious in
apparel,

apparel, while he avoided finery, he was always neatly and suitably attired. Even in very cold weather, he wore only clothes enough to keep him moderately warm.

The portrait facing the title-page of this brief memoir was taken in the Orangery, at Windsor Castle, by H.R.H. Prince Alfred, (the Duke of Edinburgh,) who, upon all occasions, manifested a friendly pleasure in the society of the librarian, and who has kindly sanctioned its introduction here.

Mr. Woodward's loyalty exhibited itself on every suitable occasion, and once in public very forcibly and firmly. While travelling on the Great Western line between Windsor and London, at a time when reports were circulated which had a tendency to bring into disrepute and to damage the fair fame and the domestic habits of persons of the highest distinction, some one in the same carriage with the librarian attempted, by *indirect* insinuations, to revive the foul and unfounded defamation. Mr. Woodward sprang from his seat and denounced the cowardly hint as a "CURSED LIE," and energetically threatened to publish

publish the slanderous *defamer's name* if he could discover what it was. But patient contempt has long since silenced all such scurrility.

He had been engaged for some months (under the sanction of the Queen) with Sir A. Panizza, K.C.B., and Dr. Sharpy, on a "Life of Leonardo da Vinci," which is preserved in the Royal Collection. He had also, only a few hours before his death, completed the MS. of a Monogram of Windsor Castle, illustrated by photographs, and designed as a gift-book for the Christmas season. This work has been since advertised, as published by Mr. Moxon of Dover Street, Piccadilly, at six guineas and ten guineas, and with it a volume entitled "Specimens of the Drawings of Ten Masters from the Royal Collection;" illustrated by photographs by Mr. Ernest Edwards; and a translation of "La Torre," by M. E. Réclus. A "Cyclopædia of History and Chronology" was commenced by Mr. Woodward and the learned historiographer, Mr. W. L. R. Cates, who has just finished the work; and critical notices speak of it as a very useful book.

As a critic of the fine arts, Mr. Woodward
displayed

displayed candour and sincerity, which aimed only at the conveyance of correct information. He possessed an art, peculiar to himself, of fixing attention on the object which he criticised, and by this he benefitted all who came within the scope of his observations. He would dilate, in conversation, on the works of Raphael, as well as on those of Albert Durer. He repudiated the partially received opinion that, in unguarded moments, Raphael fell short of that superiority which has immortalised his genius and preserved his renown to this very day. For more than an hour one morning, a short time before his death, he amused and indeed instructed a small party in the library with a folio of the works of Albert Durer; and on exhibiting a very fine engraving from Durer's Crucifixion, two of the party could not restrain their feelings, but, in the exuberance of devotional delight, saluted the engraving, much to the amusement and admiration of Mr. Woodward, who observed that he could "hardly wonder "to see so much delight displayed; but if the "mere copy could produce such ardour, what "would the original painting draw forth?" No

man

man living had studied the works of Raphael to greater advantage than Mr. Woodward. They were the theme of his panegyric at every opportunity; and although Albert Durer came next in his estimation, as one of the greatest artists ever born, yet, in comparison and argument, he would fall back on Raphael—and often, in ecstasies, while descanting on and extolling the great merits of the “Homer of Painting,” would wind up by exclaiming that on many of Raphael’s grand studies an air of inspiration was stamped, which made them appear somewhat more than mortal.

Whenever the surgeon to the Royal Household and Mr. Woodward met in the library, they engaged in some enlivening conversation; and, on one occasion, Mr. Brown gave an interesting account of an interview that he had had with the Prince of Wales and Earl Russell, which was answered by Woodward with a really hearty laugh. And laughter, when seasonable and good-natured, though frequently accompanied by tears, is universally allowed to be not only a sign of present enjoyment, but also a source of healthiness. The noisy, hollow laugh of the
senseless

senseless sensualist, or the boisterous noise of dissipated revellers, or "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," is not to be confounded with the mellow, good-natured laugh of the innocent and pure, whether young or old, whether male or female. Every sound opinion, as Mr. Woodward observed, is now respected, and even "ribility is denied to be an exclusive property of man, unless it springs from thought, for even dogs are observed to laugh." His Royal Highness told Earl Russell on that occasion, alluding to the seeming weakness of the infant Prince, his eldest son, that he was occasionally apprehensive lest the delicacy of the babe should impede his growth, more particularly as he was a seven months' child, at the same moment appealing to Mr. Brown, who was just then in singularly good spirits, and who accordingly assured his Royal Highness that he had no cause for apprehension, and that he must feel convinced of this if he reflected on the robust health, ceaseless activity, and lengthened life of Earl Russell, who was also *a seven months' child*. To this the Prince, evidently delighted, said with a smile, "Come,
" Lord

“ Lord Russell, when I look at you and call to remembrance your long, laborious, and useful life, and at the same time consider thoughtfully what Mr. Brown has just now so very opportunely uttered, I ought never again to express the slightest anxiety, or to feel the least uneasiness about my child’s delicacy.”

Although not engaged anywhere as a regular preacher, he was always ready to assist when properly called upon. One morning, in London, he met a brother minister who requested him to officiate at a Congregational Church in Regent’s Park. Being at some distance from his home, he inquired whether his present costume would be suitable. Having on a dark great-coat, he was answered in the affirmative. In a few minutes he ascended to the pulpit, but finding the place somewhat warm, he took off his over-coat, and presented himself to the congregation in his morning dress, which was *not* black. Forgetting this, he delivered an impressive discourse on a very serious subject. When he retired into the vestry one of the wardens observed as delicately as he could that Mr. Woodward’s appearance was
scarcely

scarcely in accordance with the solemnity of his sermon. The remark rather disconcerted him; but he who made it forgot that, while "man looketh at the *outward* appearance, God looketh " at the heart."

If other names or circumstances are mentioned in this short memoir, it is merely to illustrate some features in Mr. Woodward's character.

The present Royal inmates at Frogmore House, the Prince and Princess Christian, displayed continually their high sense of the librarian's intellectual acquirements and agreeable society by their uniform attention to him. He was often welcomed to their residence, and was privileged and pleased to wander in the grounds of Frogmore. Here, too, he frequently met his friend Brown, who had been the constant medical attendant on the Duchess of Kent—but whether in attendance on his Royal patient, or in the society of any of the Household, he was always simple and sincere.

Some years ago he was consulted by the Queen and Prince Consort respecting the declining health of the Duchess of Kent. Mr.

Brown's

Brown's views of the case did not accord with those expressed by other medical men, who intimated that in all probability the Duchess would soon end her earthly career. Mr. Brown stated to the Queen and Prince Consort that he could see nothing to warrant such a conclusion; but that, in his opinion, the Duchess might be spared for many seasons more. The Queen placed implicit confidence in Mr. Brown's treatment, and to his special guidance the Duchess was consigned. By unremitting care and incessant watchfulness her life was subsequently prolonged for seven years and a-half.

On the 16th of March, 1861, the Duchess of Kent expired after quietly taking leave of those around her; and Mr. Woodward, although but a very short time known at the Castle, evinced his participation in the general grief by forwarding to various periodicals some interesting details setting forth the amiable disposition and kind conduct of her whose loss was universally lamented.

During the arrangement of the Castle library, and when nearly completed, he had very frequent interviews with the Prince Consort; and Mr. Woodward

Woodward felt this to be both an honour and an advantage. He appreciated highly the pleasure derived from the Prince's courteous conversation, and the valuable information communicated by his well-stored mind. This intercourse lasted only a few months; but that was long enough to prove that the Prince liked the society of Mr. Woodward, and to lay the foundation of a deep and lively reverence and regard for his Royal Highness in the bosom of the librarian. Under these interesting circumstances, Mr. Woodward felt a sincere and deep personal regret for the loss which he sustained when deprived of that kind notice which was so gratifying to his feelings, and of that sound discrimination which was so valuable to him in performing the duties of his office. His personal privation caused Mr. Woodward to sympathise more tenderly with the national sorrow called forth by this unexpected calamity, in "life's very prime." This sad event was followed by deep and universal mourning. All were made keenly sensible that they had lost a friend, whose earnest aim and effort was at all times to benefit every individual in the country.

It

It must be universally acknowledged that, while the Prince's heart glowed ever with universal philanthropy, his chief sympathies were devoted to a constant desire and a benevolent endeavour to improve the condition and to contribute to the comfort of the industrious poor.

Two good men have been taken from our midst. Let us hope that they are re-united in that blessed eternity where there will be neither sin, nor sorrow, nor separation.

Mr. Woodward often visited the gardens of Frogmore during the progress of building the mausoleums erected there—one to the memory of the Duchess of Kent, and the other to the Prince Consort; and after his walk one morning, the writer enjoyed an hour with him, when he gave a cursory account of caverns and gardens which, as he observed, have always been destined for places of burial. Elijah was buried in a grotto; Lazarus at Bethany; Joseph of Arimathea near Golgotha, where our Lord was entombed; and all the sepulchres of Jews, which have been found to contain immense treasures with their dead, were scrupulously held as sacred. Abraham
bought

bought the cave of Hebron for his wife Sarah and himself, and after him Isaac and Rebecca and Leah; Rachel's tomb was in a garden near Ephratha; Jacob was buried with great pomp by his son Joseph; and Joseph and all his brethren were buried in the same place; Moses, by order of God, was buried in Moab; Miriam, his sister, at Kadesh; Aaron, at Hor; Eleazar and Joshua, on the mountains of Ephraim; and all kings have had places upon which some grand mark of their sepulture was preserved. Religion gives sanction to the custom, and no nations were more jealous of paying funeral honours than the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans.

The tenderest attachment, combined with Christian piety, is manifested in the consecrated portion of the garden of Frogmore by these splendid specimens of a daughter's and a widow's love.

And how can we refrain from expressing our high sense of the discretionary care which Queen Victoria has at all times exercised by setting a good example; and if any of our future sovereigns, or their family, should be interred *inside* St. George's Chapel, may the putrefaction emanating from

from those hot-beds of miasma not prove a source of malignant disease.

It was quite refreshing to hear Mr. Woodward dilate on the power and beauty of colouring, as displayed in the interior of the Royal Mausoleums; and although he was no painter, yet he had an eye peculiarly capable of appreciating the harmony of colour; and, in his opinion, the diversity of the mosaics and the brilliancy of the marble columns, heightened by the finest polish, are calculated to produce the sublimest conceptions of artistic excellence, and to lead to contemplation on the solemnity of the place. That of the Duchess of Kent, both in external and internal decoration, deserves all praise; but the interior of the Prince Consort's is certainly the more splendid of the two—and yet in both the brightest colours are so harmoniously arranged as to present a most agreeable spectacle to the eye, while the quiet tone of the whole is calculated to impress upon the mind a feeling of deep solemnity and serious thought.

When the Prince of Wales's son was born, Mr. Brown *alone* was in attendance, and was deservedly congratulated on the success which accompanied

accompanied his medical management. After that event it was several times asserted, and once publicly announced, that the "honour of knight-hood had been conferred on the surgeon of the " Household."

Not one of his numerous patients and friends showed greater respect and admiration for him than the librarian at Windsor Castle.

A circumstance occurred about this time which strongly sets forth the noble and dignified candour of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Brown intimated to his Highness on the evening of that eventful day (January 8, 1864) that the *important crisis* was approaching, and at the same time suggested the propriety of summoning Sir James Clark and Sir William Jenner.

It was then too late in the evening to pursue the ordinary course in such a case. The electric telegraph at the Windsor office was closed for the night. On this the Prince inquired "*what was to be done?*" Mr. Brown spoke of the immediate dispatch of express messengers. The Prince agreed, and promised to give the necessary orders himself.

In

In a few hours the Princess was safely delivered of a son—but the event happened so unexpectedly that suitable provision had not been made for the reception of the new-born babe.

The next morning both the London doctors arrived, and were evidently vexed because they had not been summoned the night before. They plainly blamed Mr. Brown; and on their meeting at Frogmore, their first question was—"How did it happen that we were not made acquainted with all this last night?" "I consulted with the Prince," Mr. Brown quietly replied, "and he promised that he would send special messengers to you without delay."

On hearing this the two doctors anxiously sought and soon obtained an interview with his Royal Highness. The Prince, perceiving in a moment the dilemma in which he had placed Mr. Brown by his own omission, accompanied the doctors into the room where Mr. Brown then was, and, laying his hands on Mr. Brown's shoulders with friendly condescension, expressed his deep concern for his forgetfulness. Thus, he nobly and honourably exonerated Mr. Brown from all blame.

This

This, as Mr. Woodward observed, on hearing of the event, was "dignified in the Prince, and "honouring to Mr. Brown."

The royal surgeon, a few seasons afterwards, passed away from this earth, leaving behind him a character renowned and revered for humility, sincerity, and loyalty.

The writer knows that great pains were taken to obtain a photograph of Mr. Brown at that time, in order to place it among those that were then published in illustrated papers in connection with this interesting event. But in vain was he waited upon and solicited by artists from London and Cambridge. His retiring nature shrunk from ostentatious display. He had a good heart, and that will make a man illustrious. Talents *without* a good heart are frequently a nuisance, and make the possessor conspicuously infamous.

His remains were buried in the same grave with his two sons in Old Windsor Church-yard. No grand display—no pompous procession was there. All was solemn and impressive. All was sanctified by sincere sorrow, deep love, and unsullied reverence. A few private friends, among
whom

whom were the editor and the librarian, followed the remains of their departed friend and saw them deposited in the silent grave.

The Burial Service was read alternately by the Vicar of Old Windsor—one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, and the Vicar of New Windsor—Reader to the Queen, in a most impressive manner. Everything was conducted with orderly simplicity.

It was evident that only one feeling pervaded the assembly, and that was sympathy with the mourning family—Mr. Brown's only son, who was present, and his widow and daughter.

"Thus," said Mr. Woodward, "our friend " passed away from us, and it is distressing to " part with one so good and so useful."

While we ponder and reflect, the words of the inspired penman suggest themselves to our minds—"all go unto one place; all are of the dust, and " all turn to dust again."

The deep sound of the big church-bell awakens in the breast of listeners a sense of their own mortality, and the certainty of their own final change. The good man was borne to his resting-place

place at the age of sixty-seven, after an illness of a few weeks, during which he expressed his own conviction that his life was fast drawing to a close; nor was he unprepared in a religious point of view, for his spiritual guide, says concerning him:—"I have attended many on their death-bed, but never saw one more deeply impressed with the solemnity of his condition than Mr. Brown. He well knew that death was drawing near, and he met it with a Christian's hope, in Christian faith." He departed this life on the 24th of October, 1868, at his residence in Windsor; and no one of his numerous friends and acquaintances mourned for him more sincerely than Mr. Woodward. In a letter to a Norfolk friend, he writes:—

"The late surgeon to the Household has just been summoned to his rest. He will long be remembered by those who knew his uniform cheerfulness. I miss him—for although he could do me no more good than others of his profession, yet he invariably urged me to sustain a state of moderate alacrity as the best
"antidote

“antidote for my consuming complaint; and he
“never said this without exhibiting in his counte-
“nance unmistakeable marks of solicitude. He
“was one of the very few medical men who per-
“ceived that something was wrong in me, but
“could not tell what.”

The *personal* introduction of the writer to Mr. Woodward being somewhat singular, is related here for the purpose of showing how (sometimes) trifling occurrences lead to interesting results, and events, that might at first sight have seemed trivial, introduce and establish abiding benefits. The late surgeon to the Royal Household, who for many years included Mr. Woodward among his patients, asked one morning whether the editor would like to see the Queen's Library, and on being answered in the affirmative, and shown the following note, received only the day before, Mr. Brown offered at once to accompany him:—

“Buckingham Palace, 9th Oct., 1866.

“Mr. B. B. Woodward presents his compliments to Dr. Ribbans, and begs to thank him
very

very sincerely for his kindness in sending him a copy of the 'Essay on Sudden Death,' which he received safely yesterday afternoon.

" Mr. Woodward would be very happy, at some convenient time, to show Dr. Ribbans the Royal Library, if it would be agreeable to him."

Mr. Woodward was in the library when they arrived, and, on being introduced, he took Dr. Ribbans's hands in his own and observed, " You " and I are of the same family stock." " I am " not aware of it," was the reply; when with a kind smile he continued, " I was born in Norwich." " So was I," answered Dr. Ribbans, " but I have " not been there these fifty years." " We both " bear the name of Bolingbroke," said he; and, mentioning many family names, he added, " If " we could manage to visit the old city together, " you would, I know, be welcomed. The old " ones are not all gone, and there are many " young ones who spring from the old stock." Conversation followed which inspired and increased mutual confidence. Lunch being ended, after a short pause he added—" Well, well, this " is

“ is a singularly interesting meeting, and we
“ must talk over our family affairs at some future
“ time. Let it suffice, for 'this morning, that
“ you inspect some of the valuables in the print-
“ room, which, with my explanation, cannot fail
“ to afford you gratification; and I shall be happy
“ at any time to receive any friend whom you
“ may hereafter feel disposed to bring with you.”

When they parted that morning, Mr. Woodward's expressions and manner, particularly on approaching the equeries' entrance to the Castle, clearly displayed a desire to please, and to know more about consanguineous connections. This reception proved truly agreeable to the editor, who did not for a moment expect it, since his long estrangement from all Norfolk connections had occasioned almost total forgetfulness of every one. Yet the names of many places, together with little matters of gossip, had been frequently recalled to memory, without the remotest idea of connecting Mr. Woodward's name with his own, until the unexpected interview in the library.

On visiting him the next day, and comparing notes on family matters, there could be no
doubt

doubt about the relationship, which warranted the endeavour to establish it—amongst other matters, the excellent qualities of their maternal parents were feelingly discussed.

He spoke of boyhood comfort, and it appeared that he enjoyed it in perfection—for his mother, he observed, was large-hearted and always cheerful, her two most conspicuous traits being truth and modesty—an exact parallel with the writer's mother, who, in very deed was a perfect pattern of neatness, piety, and maternal perfection.

He was often pleased to express his approbation of the following lines "On the Sudden Death of the Author's Mother, affectionately inscribed to his Cousin Ellen, wife of Admiral White, Rockwood, Newton Abbott":—

"One wish she often breathed, when I
Could catch her every word and sigh,
As hand and hand together,—
Through verdant fields at close of day
We watched the sun's departing ray
In Spring or Autumn weather.

"And oh! how often has she prayed
Without one anxious fear betrayed,

That

That swift might be her final sigh,
That she might sleep in calm repose,
And bid farewell to all her woes,
And find it really good to die.*

"And so it was—for Heaven is kind,
And ever gentle and resigned,
More trustful every day she grew—
Her years at length fourscore and three—
Passed on in sweet serenity,
And then she vanished like the dew.

"This wish imbued her living thought—
This blessing earnestly she sought,
That death might softly, gently creep;
And coming on with stealthy pace
Might fold her in his strong embrace,
And lull her into tranquil sleep.

"One Winter night her spirit fled,
And she was numbered with the dead,
Gone from her friends—from all below,—
Cold on her couch—with placid look,
Her hands were crossed upon that Book
Whence only solid blessings flow.

" *Her*

* When reading the Litany she substituted *Self-destruction* for "Sudden Death," believing the words as they stand in the Prayer Book to bear that meaning.

"*Her* life on earth was counted long—
Her hope was like an anchor strong
 To win the fight and wear the crown;—
 The conflict o'er—her race is run—
 We *know* she needs no earthly sun
 Now that from earth her soul has flown.

"We know she dwells among the blest—
 No strife nor sorrow there molest,
 Nor human grief, nor mortal pains—
 But holy Beings ever raise
 A song of worship and of praise
 To HIM who died, and lives, and reigns!"

In relating many little occurrences which happened in their families, there appeared sufficient proof of that affinity which each desired to realize.

During the numerous interviews exchanged, he never displayed the least reserve, but on all occasions expressed sentiments of gladness and regard—encouraging personal interest in each other; and it was highly pleasing to listen to the anecdotes of his early days, which he was fond of telling.

When very young, he said, that he had heard a tale related of a little boy about six years of age,

age, who had managed to scramble up into a cart which had been left, with the horse unattended, in a road near a windmill at Scottow, not far from Norwich, and, childlike, had taken the reins and urged the horse forward, just as the miller had set in motion the sails, one of which struck the animal in the cheek and killed him—the child escaping by jumping out of the cart. Part of the bone of the horse's jaw was for years visible in the framework of the mill sail, and the accident was well remembered by many who were then living. That boy, whom Providence thus spared, was the editor of this memoir; and Mr. Woodward said that he always remembered the tale whenever he saw a windmill.

The editor of these fragments esteemed it a favour, in the order of Providence, to have enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. Woodward even for so short a period. Nor can it be wondered at that he should wish to add a few subordinate opinions or explanatory actions to the memoir, to say nothing of the correspondence, which he is desirous of saving from oblivion.

Several times he mentioned an *intention*, which
he

he had entertained, of giving a lecture on the subject of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister; and the following sentiments, repeated over and over again to the editor, coincide with his own. All Christendom, said Mr. Woodward, saw nothing unscriptural and unnatural in sanctioning such unions in this country, in conformity with the practice of other kingdoms to which our own people often repair for the purpose of consummating such unions. There cannot be anything more absurd than that which is asserted in the "Table of Affinity"—that "It is unlawful for a man to marry his grandmother." If any young aspirant to the honour of matrimony should so far forget himself as to solicit the hand of his grandmother, we trust that the old lady "*will* bestow her hand in such a way as to make his ears ring."

Why a man should be debarred from marrying his deceased wife's sister, Mr. Woodward, as well as hosts of others, never could discern. Imagine two sisters, of whom a young man chooses one for his wife, and shortly afterwards, by accident or sickness, she dies. What law in nature declares the living sister to be ineligible for the widower's

widower's wife *now*, when she was perfectly eligible two or three months ago? That which is unnatural meets and merits the reprobation of society—but, not unfrequently, a wife on her death-bed urges her husband to wed her single sister, that her children may be saved from the uncertain kindness of a stepmother. This, one would imagine, is sufficient to prove that such marriages ought to meet with universal approval, and how it agrees with Lev. xviii. 18, where it is commanded, "Neither shalt thou take a wife to her sister to vex her, besides the other *in her life-time*." Here is authority which decides that it is lawful to take a wife's sister after the wife's decease—otherwise what is the meaning of the text quoted? If such prohibition had been intended, argued Mr. Woodward, it would have been pointed out when the Sadducees mentioned the woman who married *seven* brothers in succession. Jewish lawyers always encouraged such marriages, particularly where young children were left. Many Protestant divines have deprecated the prohibition. The Romish Church does not oppose such marriages, and with Nonconformists

Mr. Woodward

Mr. Woodward had more than once joined in petition to Parliament to alter the law. No one can see anything unscriptural in these marriages except a bigoted section who ignore the name Protestant.

In the Colonies the Sovereign has to sanction what is prohibited in England; and the people at large have laughed to scorn this outworn relic of ecclesiastical bigotry, which had its rise in the dark ages.

This is a very scanty outline of the manner in which Mr. Woodward treated the subject, but shows his opinion of the law.

It having been widely circulated by newspaper paragraphs, as well as in short accounts of Mr. Woodward's life, that the present Bishop of Winchester was the first to recommend Mr. Woodward to the notice of the Queen, the following letter of inquiry received a courteous reply from the Bishop, which proves the fallacy of the original report.

“ The Laurels, Clewerhill,
Windsor, July 3, 1871.

“ My Lord Bishop,—You will, I am quite
sure,

sure, not only pardon me for the liberty I take and the trouble that I give, but will kindly inform me whether the report be true that you introduced to the late Prince Consort my relation, Mr. Woodward, as librarian at Windsor Castle in about the year 1859. Permit me also to ask whether your Lordship has any objection to your name appearing in a memoir now preparing of that useful and good man? My aim being to arrive at the truth in every detail collated of him.

“ I well remember his mentioning to me the enjoyment he always felt in your company.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ My Lord Bishop,

“ Your obedient faithful servant,

“ F. BOLINGBROKE RIBBANS.

“ The Right Rev.

“ The Lord Bishop of Winchester.”

[THE REPLY.]

“ Winchester House, July 4, 1871.

“ Dear Sir,—You have not at all over-stated my high opinion of your relative;—but it would
not

not have been within the scope of my duties to recommend to her Majesty any librarian, *heartily as I rejoiced* in Mr. Woodward's appointment.

" I am truly yours,

" S. WINTOR.

" F. Bolingbroke Ribbans, Esq., LL.D.

" The Laurels, Windsor."

The gentleman who *was* consulted by the Prince Consort respecting a librarian at Windsor Castle, and who urged Mr. Woodward to send in immediately his *printed* testimonials, is pleased to call it merely a "felicitous accident;" therefore he says, in a letter to the editor, "I can claim no " *credit* for the recommendation of him. The " *discredit* would have been had I overlooked him " at the moment. All I had to do in the matter " was, as soon as I was informed of the Windsor " librarianship being competed for, to urge Wood- " ward to send in those testimonials directly, and " inasmuch as my letter contained in them attrac- " ted notice, owing to the circumstance of my " connection with the Lord Chamberlain's office, " I was sent for to Buckingham Palace, and so " was

“ was able to confirm by oral testimony the pre-
“ viously written one. That is really the extent
“ of my good offices, which Woodward, with his
“ wonted goodness of nature, would always look
“ at through a microscope, accountable for per-
“ haps from his having then a brother in the
“ British Museum, who had charge of all sorts of
“ scientific machines. I have already explained
“ that the service I rendered him, though it
“ was done most gladly and willingly, was the
“ result of a happy accident. To have missed
“ the opportunity would have been, on my part,
“ a *demerit*—to have taken occasion by the fore-
“ lock can scarcely be accounted a *merit*.

“ If you will hearken to my advice, you will
“ oblige and gratify me much more than you
“ would by carrying your present proposal into
“ execution. Dedicate your work to the memory
“ of Hudson Gurney; and inasmuch as brevity is
“ as important to a dedication as it is to wit, I
“ venture to curtail your proposal very consider-
“ ably, and for reasons besides brevity. You
“ have ascribed to H. G. virtues he did not pos-
“ sess—patronage of art, science, and literature;
“ and

“ and patriotism and philanthropy. He was a
 “ very odd compound—a most charitable man as
 “ regarded his private benevolence, but as little
 “ of a philanthropist as you can imagine. It
 “ would take too much space and time to dis-
 “ criminate him. To call him a patriot might
 “ raise him from the tomb—not with surprise,
 “ but as a man with a grievance—for he held
 “ patriots in slender esteem. Do not fancy that
 “ I did not highly esteem him, or did not sorely
 “ miss him when he departed; yet he was the
 “ friend and patron of the elder Woodward,
 “ as well as the son. The father, a most
 “ remarkable man, Mr. Gurney esteemed highly,
 “ and greatly befriended; and thus you can put
 “ on record two facts most honourable to one
 “ who uniformly did good by stealth.”

By his former marriage Mr. Woodward had three daughters, who survive him. By his second he had one son, who was educated at Merchant Taylors' and the London University Schools, and who is now in the banking-house of Messrs. Roberts & Company, Lombard Street.

His library, including many valuable works,

was

was sold on the 18th and 20th February, 1869, by Messrs. Sotheby & Co., and the contents fetched fair prices.

Letters, and extracts from published papers and private correspondence are given without a word of comment, except an expression of surprise at the incongruity and contradiction of sentiments, professedly entertained by one of the correspondents.

In the *Athenæum* of October 16, 1869, the editor says:—"When Prince Albert was in want
" of a librarian, a gentleman and scholar, with
" *little interest* as the phrase goes, with only a
" few testimonials and slender hopes of success,
" had [at the suggestion of Mr. Donne, who had
" been consulted by the Prince Consort on the
" subject of a librarian] an interview with the
" Prince, who at once recognised in him the
" qualities Prince Albert required, and intrusted
" to him the care and arrangement of the Royal
" Library. The gentleman was Mr. B. B. Woodward, who had formerly been a reader at Childs'
" of Bungay, and we believe he had been trained
" for a Dissenting Ministry.

" At

“ After the Prince’s death the Queen retained this most efficient officer, who, till a few days ago, served her with singular zeal, frankness, and deference. Mr. Woodward’s valuable services were lost to her Majesty on Monday last, when disease of the heart suddenly deprived him of life. It is not enough to say of him that he was B.A. of the University of London, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, an editor and an author of repute. Mr. Woodward was emphatically A MAN. The Queen is not the only one who knows the perfect way in which Mr. Woodward carried out the Prince’s views for the improvement of the Royal Library at Windsor. He well deserved the measure of esteem which her Majesty entertained for him, and the friendly manner in which the Princesses and their brothers used to hold intercourse with him. Outside his official duties and his learned labours, Mr. Woodward was one of the heartiest, most cheerful, and good-tempered”—or as expressed by the Rev. Mr. Duckworth’s letter, “he was one of the kindest and most companionable of men. His mirthful face lit up the room when
“ he

“ he entered, and his well-stored mind refreshed
“ the memory of his hearers. He rendered a ser-
“ vice as readily as he forgot that he had done it;
“ and although his office as Royal Librarian was
“ perhaps the worst paid and requited in the
“ world, Mr. Woodward was as happy as the
“ royal personages whom he served, and whose
“ appreciation of him was to him a sufficient re-
“ ward. He was one of those men whose names
“ never cease to call forth a comment of regard
“ or affection from the friends who live to mourn,
“ to remember, and to honour them.”

The sorrow evinced at his death was profound, and participated in by the literary world in general.

In the very next number of the same periodical, the *Athenæum*, whence the above is copied, the printer of Bungay writes thus to the editor:—

“ Five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Woodward re-
“ sided in this neighbourhood, and we esteemed
“ ourselves fortunate in retaining his services in
“ literary work, for which he was abundantly
“ fitted by his *large* attainments, and knowledge
“ as varied as it was *exact*. I am constrained to
“ add,”

“ add,” writes Mr. Childs, “ that, in your slight
“ summary of the character of Mr. Woodward,
“ you have hardly conveyed a just impression of
“ the mental accomplishments and moral worth
“ of my *honoured friend*.”

And yet in a letter bearing the *same* date as the above, addressed to one of the contributors to Mr. Woodward’s biography, in reply to a request made that Mr. Childs’ name might be appended, as printer, to the lines here given (then in MS.) on Mr. Woodward’s sudden death, which had been forwarded to Bungay, Mr. Childs says,
“ You will, I am sure, allow me to gratify my
“ own taste by *omitting* the name of the *printer*,”
“ as my relations with Mr. Woodward were such
“ that I should be unwilling to have my name
“ *attached to any work of an eulogistic character*.”

The receipt of this letter occasioned the *immediate* withdrawal of the MS. from the hands of the proprietor of the Bungay press.

These are the lines alluded to:—

“ On the Death of Bernard Bolingbroke Woodward, Esq.,
B.A., Lond.; F.S.A.; Librarian in Ordinary to the
Queen.

Queen. Affectionately inscribed to Relatives and Friends.

"Come, mourning souls, suppress your tears,
And pause amidst distressing fears;
Indeed 'tis painful thus to part
With one we cherished in the heart.
Yes, 'tis our portion here below,
For mortals *must* affliction know—

"This pathway *all* must travel o'er
To reach that calm and happy shore,
Where there are neither pangs nor pains,
Where happiness for ever reigns.

"*Here*, we must meet perplexing cares—
Here, we encounter cruel snares—
Here, we are oft cast down, distrest,
While troubles rack the tortured breast.
But oh! be you confiding, brave,
And look beyond the gloomy grave.
Many have tried, and found at length
That in themselves they have no strength.
Wipe,—and lift up the streaming eye,
And look for help and hope on High.
On earth we mourn through toil and strife,
The grave's the gate that leads to LIFE.
With peace and praise for ever blest,
How precious is the heavenly rest!

Bear

Bear with the *Cross* that weighs you down,
 Look to the bright, unfading *Crown*.—
 Press onward,—upward,—progress still,—
 Behind you cast off every ill;
 Waiting with patience for the end,
 When you shall join your more than friend,
 Where not a single cloud can rise
 To mar the bliss beyond the skies,
 Where holy raptures fill the soul
 Long as Eternal ages roll.”

In the next number of the *Athenæum*, the editor of that journal very properly vindicated himself from the charge, or rather insinuation, which had been unnecessarily brought against him; and in a dignified, satisfactory, and graceful manner reiterated, in few words, his high esteem for Mr. Woodward in every relation of life.

“The late Mr. Woodward, the Queen’s librarian, was engaged on a ‘Life of Leonardo da Vinci.’ Mr. Childs of Bungay wishes to state that we have not, in our account of Mr. Woodward’s death, conveyed a ‘just impression of his honoured friend;’—and yet we said that Mr. Woodward was not only a scholar, but
 “ emphatically

“ emphatically A MAN, which he was in the best
“ sense of the word.”

After a career of usefulness as an author, it must have been a source of gratification to Mr. Woodward to find himself highly esteemed by some of the most renowned and honourable characters of the age. Nothing could have been more pleasing than to hear him speak of those who signed the testimonials which he sent in when he was a candidate for the librarianship at Windsor Castle.

He richly deserved such friends, and he knew well how to appreciate them.

Mr. Woodward frequently attempted to describe the acute pain which he endured, and he detailed with clearness and simplicity the various symptoms of his malady to those who ministered to him some relief. Almost every day at noon, for a long period, he drank off in a wineglass of sherry about a dessert-spoonful of finely pulverised charcoal which acted as a sort of sedative until luncheon.

It was evident to those immediately about him that he suffered much; but yet his important
engagements

engagements yielded daily occupation. His family, trusting perhaps to his personal appearance, though his constitution was never robust, were not alarmed. In his letters to the Editor, descriptive of his own convictions respecting his health, there is a warmth of feeling and a tenderness of affection which certainly emanated from the heart.

No secrecy was ever enjoined, and therefore there can be no breach of confidence in publishing private letters which testify to the state of Mr. Woodward's health during the last three years of his life.

I.

"Windsor Castle, 4th Nov., 1866.

"My Dear Doctor,—It is very kind of you to bear in mind what I said to you when we parted, and I thank you for being considerate.

"It requires constant attention to keep things here in proper order, and I may perhaps at times display a little unsatisfied impatience; but when motives are laudable, such appearances will be overlooked.

"I took this morning a long walk in the
Home

Home Park, for I like to saunter on the grass when it is dry, and I indulged in the thought to which the contents of your letter led me, and the agreeableness of a lonely walk was enhanced by it.

"It is dear to one who is no poet that the lines you left with me possess 'thoughts that breathe.'

"You will receive this evening by my manipulator the little work by 'An Old Sailor,' which I finished reading last evening. It contains sound, strong truths, and sets forth some solid, substantial facts.

"I cannot guess the '*knight author's*' name.

"Believe me very truly yours,

"B. B. WOODWARD."

II.

"Buckingham Palace, 10th Jan., 1867.

"My Dear Coz.,—If you can leave by the early train, I can meet your appointment anywhere within sound of Bow Bells, and I will go with you to the place where formality reigns so as to swallow up and absorb the very solid life and substance of spiritual worship. It seems
hard

hard to break off intimacy and intercourse with an old cherished companion, even after being convinced that he was leading and even luring astray to error; and yet old ties, even when wisdom urges and necessity compels, cannot be severed without pain and regret. In a great many other parish churches there is excess of form, and when reflection on *mere forms* in religious exercises comes over us, we sigh that men should depart from the simplicity recommended by the great Gentile Teacher — unscripturally marring and mutilating the ordinance of their Master's appointment, and introducing *another* for which there is not a shadow of authority in the Book of Truth—and all for what? if it be not with the aim of usurping power over the human mind.

“It is to be a great gathering, and therefore we must be early.

“Very truly yours,

“B. B. WOODWARD.

“Dr. Ribbens.”

III.

“Windsor Castle, 13th Feby., 1867.

“My Dear Cousin,—Although here for only
an

an hour or so, yet I must write to acknowledge your kind thought about me, and I will try to answer your objection to going into a church with the head *covered*. The taking off one's hat on entering any building dedicated to the service of God, when that service is not being carried on, must be left to the discretion of every one; but we cannot, without idolatry, denominate one stone, or one brick, or one door, more holy than another—and therefore to take off one's hat on entering a place of worship can only be done as a sort of *decency*—a fashionable custom. It may not be done with any impression that the place is *more holy*. It were therefore the grossest idolatry, on entering a place dedicated to God's service, to pay any direct or implied adoration to any piece of furniture, utensil, or particular part of the building. A story occurs to me just now, not quite inapplicable here:—

“Dr. Johnson was one day walking with a friend, when they met a third person, who saluted them and passed on. That, said Dr. Johnson, when the individual was out of hearing, is a *very religious man*. ‘Why,’ said his friend, ‘to my knowledge

knowledge, he has not been inside a church for many years.' 'No, sir,' said the doctor, 'I know that; *but he never-passes by a church without taking off his hat to it.*' Such religion as this would hardly suit me—it would never do for me. Paul, to the Corinthians, discusses the point of *covered* and *uncovered*, but only with respect to those actually engaged in the worship of God. He recommended ladies to be covered, and men to be uncovered, and therefore, perhaps, the proper mode; but Paul makes the matter of so little importance that he ends the whole by saying—'But if any man seem to be contentious, *we have no such custom.*'

"Here then let us rest, and think no more about such trifling matters. The remainder when you come. Adieu. Ever yours sincerely,

"B. B. WOODWARD."

IV.

"Buckingham Palace, 1st March, 1867.

"My Dear Cousin,—It quite cheered me when I received your kind letter yesterday. A letter from a friend is always welcome to me and prized by me, and calls for gratitude and gets it.

"You

"You do me only justice when you conclude that I take deep interest in all that concerns you. Glad am I to know that you receive enjoyment from the things around you. May you ever have that blessing 'that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow thereto.'

"As for myself, you wish for some good account, and I really have little to give. At times I am fearfully confused in mind, and greatly distressed in spirits. I reflect in deep waters where there is no standing. My days are frequently passed in pain, and my nights in tossing to and fro on my bed. Were I to write otherwise now to you, I should be a hypocrite—forbid that. You recommend me to try the Turkish bath—that would never do for mycomplaint.

"As you conclude your letter, so will I mine —'God is too good to be unkind, and too wise to err.'

"That you and all yours may be happy, not merely in time, but for evermore, is the hope of

"Yours most faithfully,

"B. B. WOODWARD.

"Dr. Ribbans."

"Windsor

V.

“Windsor Castle, 1st May, 1867.

“My Dear Doctor,—I hoped after all to see you in the afternoon, for Dr. Fairbank* kindly promised me a ride to the Laurels—but I had a small irruption of a lord and a lady, and was detained too long.

“I am sorry your friends cannot come on Saturday; but I hope they may succeed another time. I am just off to town, and so write hurriedly. To-morrow afternoon I go away, but I shall be down on Saturday, and probably again before I attempt to take my holiday.

“I am wonderfully better to-day, having been *as bad as was desirable yesterday*.

“With my best regards to your ladies (as my little bachelor-friend . . . always says),

“I am yours most truly,

“B. B. WOODWARD.”

VI.

“Buckingham Palace, 15th May, 1867.

“My Dear Cousin,—This east-wind has *half killed me*. I was at Windsor to-day, but could
not

* The present surgeon to the Royal Household at Windsor.

not adventure so far as the Clewer—*cottage of content*. To-morrow I hope to go to Seaford, to be for a week or two absolutely *idle*—if I cannot, you will have seen the last of me very soon; for if I should have to '*give up*,' the end is within an easy calculable time; but where can a gauge be found for mental tear and wear? I want to see you for a long discussion and talk on your MS., and I yet hope to have it when sea-air has done me some good service. I send you photographs of my daughters you did not see.

"During the absence of the Court, you will have no question put to you about passing to the library through the lodge entrance, as I have made your name familiar there, and your own face is now pretty well known, and every barrier will be removed on presenting *yourself*.

"Give my best regards to Mrs. Ribbans and your daughter, and accept my right affectionate regards yourself.

"Ever yours,

"B. B. WOODWARD.

"P.S.—I was informed yesterday that the editor of that charming book entitled, 'Birmingham
ham

ham and the Hardware District,' was a pupil of yours—if so, I congratulate you on his happy success in producing a book of enduring quality."

VII.

"Seaford, near Lewis, 29th May, 1867.

"My Dear Cousin,—Your kind letter hath followed me here, where I have been as idle as possible, with some benefit to my health, though not so great as I hoped for—the weather has been so fickle, and at times even bad; and I have contrived to disable one of my legs, so as to limit my locomotive powers very considerably.

"I am no great advocate for solitude. It was a saying of old that 'He who is pleased with solitude must be either a wild beast or an angel.' Those who prefer living without society, are generally remarkable for their natural defects or perfections—they must possess something very savage or very supernal. Another old man says that all our pursuits are baubles, except four, *i.e.*,

'Old books to read,
Old wine to drink,
Old wood to burn, and
Old friends to chat with.'

"Thank

“Thank you most truly also for your thoughts of my health. As for the ‘REVIEW,’ as soon as No. IV. is out, it is doomed to sleep again until, or unless, I can awaken it more effectually. But, you see, I can’t help myself in the matter of the work—I *must do it, or fare worse*. It was *anxiety*, originally springing from my not resorting to extra work for five years, that undermined my health.

‘ *Work* does not kill,
Tho’ *worry* will.’

“I cannot answer all your inquiries—I will not call them questions; they are too interesting for that. The High Church, which appears favourable to your son, I thought settled between ourselves. Certainly the emptying one fold to feed another cannot be pleasing to the Chief Shepherd.

“My wife joins me in kindest regards to you, Mrs. Ribbans, and Cousin Bella, and

“I am yours always,

“B. B. WOODWARD.

“Dr. Ribbans.”

“Buckingham

VIII.

“Buckingham Palace, 7th August, 1867.

“My Dear Coz.,—My sister, who, in my estimation, is clever as well as good, has expressed to me her approbation of your religious works, which, I presume, embody your own views. She thanks you sincerely for the books that you have sent her.

“The papers which I now return to you I have carefully perused, and I would not do such a thing for any other person; but with you, and for you, I could do anything with the utmost pleasure—therefore you must not again apologise for asking me; and as you wish for my opinion, I have endorsed it on each subject.

“1. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES contain all that the true God has been pleased to reveal of Himself, and are therefore highest authority *in* the language in which they were dictated—but in translations we must depend on, or bear with, human learning, which at the best is but a feeble substitute for the original language.

“2. IMMORTALITY is a difficult subject to comment upon—lying, as it does, beyond all
that

that is earthly. Mortal strength perishes and passes away, powerful empires disappear, and man 'goeth to his long home.' I cannot reconcile the condition of the impenitent with your description, although it is true we do sometimes see men steeped in ignorance and iniquity. To such, the bare *thought* of immortality must be enough to lead them into madness, and to goad them on to suicide.

" 3. PROVIDENCE is the sleepless foresight and fatherly care of the Almighty in providing for the temporal wants of all His creatures, and in guiding and guarding His children through all the snares and sorrows—through all the trials and temptations of this world's wilderness, into the lot of their everlasting inheritance.

" 4. 'PRAYER,' as you say, 'is converse with God,' and may be wafted in a sigh, or in a groan, to Him who 'ruleth the earth, be it ever so disturbed.' Prayer is secret intercourse and spiritual communication with 'Him who is mighty to save.' It consists not in any form of words, nor in any particular gesture of the body—but it is *sanctified* thought.

" 5. PIETY

“ 5. PIETY must be accompanied by sincerity. The quality of the stream will be similar to that of the spring. If you wish to purify the river, you must begin at its source.

“ 6. REGENERATION or New Birth—‘Ye must be born again.’ The word which is here translated *again* (*ανωθεν*), signifies also *from above*. A new and holy principle is implanted in the heart, and infused into the soul. A change is wrought—a mighty change—as wonderful as that which first called a world into existence out of nothing; and wrought by the same Divine Power that ‘moved upon the face of the waters.’

“ Your description of my own powers are too partial, especially in confiding to me these articles upon the most sublime subjects.

“ Hoping to see you soon,

“ I remain,

“ Yours always most truly,

“ B. B. WOODWARD.

“ Dr. Ribbans.”

Native air seems to have invigorated him for he says :—

“ 13th September,

IX.

“13th September, 1867.

“My Dear Cousin,—I have been to Norwich, in behalf of an Industrial Institute there, and returned on Wednesday last. I am charged by my sister to express to you her very warm thanks for your kindness to her. How strange Norfolk must sound to you after so long an interval—fifty years did you say? If you were to inquire after the Bolingbrokes, you would find just two of the old family in the old rank—no more. All the rest, under other names, are *nowhere*. I am wonderfully well when in Norfolk; but as soon as I come back I find my old enemies at me again. To-day I have been only half alive, from my cough. If I know one day beforehand, you shall hear, for I should much like to see you before you go. My own folks return your kind feelings, and

“I am always yours most truly,

“B. B. WOODWARD.”

In his next letter he writes thus:—

X.

“Buckingham Palace, 17th Sept., 1867.

“My Dear Cousin,—What will you think of
me

me if you hear that I was at Windsor yesterday? Not without great effort, I went. Hear, however, the reason of the thing. I received a note from the Bishop of . . . in the morning to say he was going to show his family over the Castle, and would like to show them the library too, *if I pleased*. So I ran down and did the needful, and returned at once when it was over, for I have such a heap of things to do on my back as I never had in my life before. I have made a mark or two in the proof I return to you—I YOUR PATRON! You did not tell me that you had yourself ever lived in Norwich, although you must have been very young then. That upsets a most charming line of *family* heraldry I had laid out. What a pity!

“I hope you will enjoy your holiday, though how you should I don’t know, for your life is now all holiday. So enjoy the change. You do not say a word about your wife and daughter. Have you been to the county court, or whatsoever it is, and got rid of them?

“Is F—— married? The *Times* says nothing of it, and there are no cards. Do you know?

“If

"If I can, I will send you word beforehand of my going to Windsor. If I can't, I am sure you will forgive me.

"I am, as always,

"My Dear Doctor,

"Yours right truly,

"B. B. WOODWARD.

"Dr. Ribbans."

[In the train when last I came from Windsor were several very voluble persons, three clerics and two others, who, contrary to *first-class* etiquette, seemed bent on ecclesiastical questions and theological discussion, alternately supporting or suppressing the orthodox view of the Liturgy. One applauded the faculty of hurrying through the service as fast as possible, under the notion that he is the best *priest* who can say or sing the greatest number of prayers in the *shortest* time; another contended that the people were forgetting their respect for the parish clergyman—thereby neglecting their regard for the sacred office; and all seemed to agree that there is now very little mutual respect for each other—and one went so far

far as to express his own amiability, that he hoped soon to have a Living of his own, that he might then *snub* his curate as he had himself been *snubbed* by his rector!]

XI.

“Buckingham Palace, 18th Oct., 1867.

“My Dear Cousin,—I returned from the Continent on Tuesday last at near midnight, and I was at Windsor for a general survey of things on the following day. I find myself of course blockaded by arrears of all sorts, and I can scarcely foretel my movements; but come to me at the Castle on Monday next. I hope to greet you well. I am myself feeling somewhat better to-day.

“I know of no book containing any relation of the ceremony you enquire about at St. George’s Chapel. I once witnessed it, and sent the enclosed account to a friend in Norfolk; but I am not aware that it was ever published. You can keep it.

“Many thanks for the photographs, which

we

we are very glad to have, though I fancy a better one might be made of the subject.

“ With all our best regards,

“ Yours right truly,

“ B. BOLINGBROKE WOODWARD.

“ Dr. Ribbans.

“ You will smile at my new signature. I like your *Bolingbroke* so much that I have imitated you.

“ Ceremony of *exalting* a Military Knight of Windsor, in St. George's Chapel, from the Lower to the Upper Ward.

“ Like almost all other honorary distinctions, when previously advertised, this ceremony attracts an assemblage at the destined place of meeting.

“ At the conclusion of chanting the Psalms at Morning Service, and whilst the loud amen is being responded, the curtain (in cold weather) at the western entrance is undrawn by the verger, when two Military Knights, properly appointed to introduce the candidate for exaltation, leave their stalls, and the organist strikes upon some soft and appropriate voluntary until the candidate comes in between the two Knights who had left the body of the chapel to fetch him from the Dean and Chapter's robing-closet—having previously received the Patent, or Warrant, at the door of the Chapter chamber. In the event of the newly-installed being decorated

decorated with Orders and honorary medals, the air 'See the Conquering Hero Comes' is *whispered* on the organ.

"At their re-entrance into the chapel all three Knights bow down very low and solemnly towards the east; then, advancing by three regular military steps commencing with the right foot, turn themselves so far to the right as to be able to make obeisance in the direction of the Sovereign's stall (probably occupied by the Dean); they next complete the movement, when all march slowly towards the communion rails, stopping opposite the intended stall of the new Knight, when they again in solemn form, facing the east, bend reverently.

"The junior Knight is now conducted by the introducing Knights to his future stall, when the Patent and Seal, contained in a suitable case, are handed to him; and the senior Knight, in a very low tone, wishes him, in the names of the Governor and his companions, all happiness long to enjoy the honour thus conferred. The new Knight, on receiving his diploma, acknowledges the attention thus paid to him by politely bending his neck.

"The Knights resume their stalls, and the Minor Canon for the time proceeds with the remainder of the Morning Service.

"This ceremony, Captain Goddard observes, is as ancient as it is universal and simple, and is full of *meaning*; but he did not enlighten me with the meaning.

"The

"The observances of old ceremonies may meet with ridicule from some persons, and derision, or even contempt, from others; yet in the extinction of all external forms an insipid listlessness, and not unfrequently a total forgetfulness, or maybe wilful concealment of the benefits intended, might be the result.

"It is the *manner* of conferring an honour or a favour which dignifies the donation; and whether the noble and illustrious Order of the Garter be solemnly bestowed by the Sovereign, surrounded by all the splendour of Royalty, supported by 'brave pillars of the State,' in St. George's Hall; or the Jewel and Clasps presented to the warrior, in the Castle quadrangle, in the presence of renowned heroes and loyal companions in arms; or the humble Medal to the child of the peasant, attended by many an anxious parent or relative—poor, yet honest, whose existence seems bound up in that of their offspring; or the simple, yet expressive, Certificate-testimonial for cleanliness to the cottage labourer, instituted by the good Prince Albert,—it is the ceremony observed, and the dignified demeanour of the distinguished personage presiding on the occasion, that add value to the gift, and therefore we would not deviate one *jot* or one *iota* from the public ordinances and ceremonies which have been handed down to us from time immemorial; and the record of this antique usage, even in these intellectual times, may serve to keep alive and record to posterity the time-honoured method of bestowing additional dignity and reverence on merit attached to the
honourable

honourable Institution of the Military Knights of Windsor."

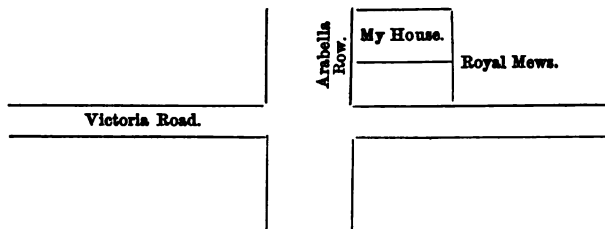
The editor, on giving a cursory account of the treatment which he was then undergoing at Presneitz House, Paddington, received the following letter in reply:—

XII.

"Windsor Castle, 8th Nov., 1867.

"My Dear Cousin,—What in the world are you about? It cannot be that you are become subaqueous. Hydro est—you terrify me—how is the word to be completed? Hydrophobia or hydropathic—may it be hydrogenic? What are you there for? Has Dr. F. given you up since he married—or you him? I am comforted by the *P.S.* of your note, which shows you have an eye to business. Were you wholly hydro'd (whatever it may be) I am sure you would not be writing cheerfully from '*Birchin Lane.*' I am now *in residence*, and get up to London on rare occasions. But I'll try and call at your hydraulic place, and I pray you to return my call before I have made it; and if you have time, and are
otherwise

otherwise not unable, go to my *town house*! opposite Arabella Row, Pimlico, thus :—



The treatment would never do for my poor palpitating system.

“ If I can get hold of F., I will make him take me to the Laurels to see your belongings, by way of another anticipatory return.

“ I shall be very glad to hear of your improvement. You will find my wife easily. She tries to die every time I leave home for more than two nights, but in seven years has not succeeded yet. You ought to congratulate her.

“ With best regards, in spite of all this chaff,

“ Yours,

“ B. BOLINGBROKE W.

“ Dr. Ribbans, Hydro Establishment,

“ Paddington Green.”

In

In a few days he writes again :—

XIII.

“ Windsor Castle, 21st Nov., 1867.

“ My Dear Cousin and Water,—For such, according to your own account, you are, I quite agree with you about the title of your volume. Rubricated instead of gilt—it would look much better. I have a little modified your dedication, lest whispers not intended to reach your ear might prove unpleasant when they did. . . . I think I would suggest to you a little trimming of the preface. Perhaps, considering what the preface says, a briefer one altogether would do better, and express what you feel, and provoke less comment. There is nothing, except poetry, that cannot be acquired by care and application; and, as I am not a songster nor an author now, but only a critic, you mustn't mind me whenever you find that you don't like what I say.

“ I hope, with all your soakings and packings, you find yourself getting better. I like water applied externally, but then warm and in moderate quantities, and not for too long together—

“ I

yet there is no telling what even I might come to.

“I was greatly pleased by your calling on my folks—so were they. I had a ride with F. one day expressly to look at the Laurels, and was glad to find matters very comfortable, and a hope of your speedy return convalescent. We had a sort of discussion, first upon *cats*, and then upon *queens*, but I do not know that it resulted in anything particular, beyond a good deal of laughing and fun that was not mischievous.

“I have learned from my sister that there certainly was near relationship amongst the names mentioned in our list, and she promises to make it out clearly as soon as she can. In fact I think we had better turn to and laboriously produce on the anvil of thought, and with the hammer of inquiry, the history of the Bolingbroke family. It is truly a *desideratum*, if it does not already exist; and it would fill a considerable void in the world—little as the world may think so. But I must cease, and I had better do so here, for I could not to-day produce a grander conception than that.

“ Having

“Hoping to see you back soon quite well and happy, to tell you that I *believe* myself *much better*, whilst I *know* myself to be far from well,

“ I am always yours,

“ B. B. WOODWARD.

“ Dr. Ribbans, Presneitz House,

“ Paddington Green, W.”

XIV.

“ Buckingham Palace, 10th Jan., 1868.

“ My Dear Cousin,—I am very glad to hear so good an account of yourself and of your doings, but you must not be surprised at not seeing me, for, having been very unwell with my cough, and very much occupied besides, I have not been often at Windsor. In the winter season, it is a kindness in you not to wish even to see me, for as the cold journeys try my throat greatly, I have only one object in view when I go to Windsor, and that is to get back again as soon as possible.

“ You are quite right in saying that ‘It is not improbable that sustenance by *animal* food will soon be out of the reach of most people, at all events of those whose incomes are moderate and limited.’

limited.' This distracts not me in the least. I pray to be content with such things as I can get. But yet I fear that I do sometimes feel discontented. Daniel, you know, and his young Hebrew friends, who lived upon lentiles and water, were 'fairer and better favoured than those who had meat and wine from the king's table.'

"I assure you that I am very frequently reminded by my own symptoms that *my final change is not far off*, for my pains and anxieties at times *seriously* threaten me.

"We all join in most cousinly greetings to you, and to your circle at the Laurels.

"Yours most truly always,

"B. B. WOODWARD.

XV.

"Buckingham Palace, 22nd Jan., 1868.

"My Dear Cousin,—Yesterday, at Windsor, I found half-a-dozen copies of your work tied up and addressed to me, but there was no note from you. I hope you do not mean to make me so much your debtor as this. Let me have one for myself, and one for my sister, and one for my brother

brother in the British Museum, whom you do not know yet, and write my name in mine, and I shall be happy.

“I cannot get right at all during this trying weather, and these unmistakeable warnings of an overworked brain, until I see a little clear atmosphere a-head—*apropos* of all other trying things. A month hence I shall have got into regular course again of residing at Windsor. I hope that I, as well as you, may be in good trim for looking on each other now and again very often.”

“And so, with all our loves, and thanking you for your kindness to me by the honour of the Dedication,

“I am, as ever,

“Yours most faithfully,

“B. B. WOODWARD.

“*P.S.*—The printer *has* been careless about corrections. I myself altered the incorrect heading at page 58, and yet the blunder is left in all its flagrancy. ‘The translation is very good,’ and so says my clerical friend, Mr. Marriott, who has finished his own work at the Library.”

“Will

“ Will you watch for an opportunity to mention to Mr. and Mrs. Carter how highly I feel the compliment they have paid me by the message in your letter. My fear was that I had detained them too long, and yet I thought at the time I had never seen greater interest for the works of the Old Masters, during our examination of Albert Durer’s designs; and I shall not very readily forget the genuine observations of the lady Protestant element of the party.”

XVI.

“ Buckingham Palace, 2nd March, 1869.

“ My Dear Cousin Bolingbroke,—Your letters never fail to solace me, and I am always well pleased to break your seal. I have often pondered over the subject which you have again broached, of prepared *printed* prayers for private use, and cannot bring myself to believe that it is proper; it may comport with our present state, and if so, why write it down? No one can tell me of my own changing experience, feelings, and wants, and therefore I am content to conclude that it is best done at once—‘to shut to the door’

door' and go to God and pour out the heart to Him.

"Troubles, trials, and perplexities are known *only* to the poor sufferer and his God. The work of prayer *must* therefore be all His. Ready made prayer for private use, is, I fear, a ready made engine of *formal drowsiness*. Kind regards to all.

"Yours most sincerely,

"B. B. WOODWARD."

"The enclosed on Prayer you need not return to me.

"Is a form of prayer to be considered a *form* only?—or, in other words, are we to look upon a *form* of prayer as leading to formality in prayer? This would be sad indeed if, by form of prayer, we should go to God with merely a *form*. Let us go a little into the subject. The wise man says, 'As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man answers to the heart of man'—therefore, I I am bound by every obligation of friendly sincerity to warn my friend from what I am convinced is dangerous, and I should be a traitor if I did not offer my own experience when asked

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an opinion on so momentous a subject. One thing I feel convinced about, and that is the the offering to God a form of prayer is both perilous and unprofitable. Nor is this a hasty decision, it is after much reflection, that it would be offending against delicacy between friends, and that it would be an unhallowed intrusion for one to *read* what doubtless was poured forth from the heart in an address to the Almighty as it passed to the paper. This judgment, for the reason given, cannot be wrong.

“Neither preparation nor answer in any matter are our own; for we are told that the ‘*preparation of the heart and the answer of the tongue* are both alike from the Lord.’ Now, if words mean anything, how can poor worms such as we are *prepare* our hearts and speech?—and of the trifling, to which allusion has been made, those terrible imitations of a corrupt community, these mediæval theatrical *forms* give the whole an air of *performance* as insincere as they are sophistic, superficial, and silly. If I apply to an *earthly* friend to help me I know what to say to him, and if my want be pressing I do not harass myself

myself about choice words and fine language wherewith to clothe my thoughts. Our blessed Lord never gave his disciples in the day of his flesh a *form* of prayer. He gave a *model* of prayer when he said 'After this manner pray ye.' Look at his beautiful prayer recorded in the 17th chap. of St. John's Gospel. Again, hear his prayer in his human agony in Gethsemane—again on the cross. Whence come they? From the heart! How came they into the heart? By the teaching and inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Again, suppose I were to go to any earthly friend and read to him a request from a written or printed paper, addressing him in fine florid language, in studied periods and set forms of speech, should I be thought in earnest? Oh no! I should be set down as a hypocrite or an impostor. Shall I then dare to go to God who 'searcheth the heart' with such and such a set of formal prayer—forbid it merciful Jehovah! God is not mocked. By prayers and supplications be our requests made known unto God, and in the approach to His throne of grace may the Spirit's power and influence keep me from departing from simplicity.

"The

“The prayers in the Book of Common Prayer are very fine as human compositions and when *slowly and clearly read* tend to make a congregation devoutly thoughtful.

“We may go to the mercy-seat and there find no words to express our desires and the distress of our souls. What then? there is still the promise—‘*Before they speak I will hear, while they are yet thinking I will answer.*’

“Be not dismayed by want of words. Fear not, we have the promise that in the hour of trial it shall be *given* us what we shall say and what we shall speak. Oh, that beautiful Hymn of Montgomery’s—

“‘Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire.’”

In the next letter is one of his happy conclusions.

XVII.

“Buckingham Palace, 1st April, 1868.

“My Dear Cousin,—Perhaps you may be in want of the enclosed, so I send it, though I cannot write much now—I have so much to look after and a good deal to arrange, and cannot slip the
the

the official collar; that I am worse off than when at Windsor; also, that I cannot get strength for real work.

“My looking *hearty* is the saddest mockery in my case. The fact is, I dare not give in; ‘*before folks*’ I can generally suppress the unkindest manifestations of my struggle. I dare not promise myself to call upon you at your bowery abode, because it is a longer walk than I am capable of, and a long talk and two long walks would do for me for a couple of days at least. I must wait till the east winds are gone, and I have had some sort of holiday to recruit myself a *little*.

“My young folks home and abroad are all quite well, and those at home send their kindest regards to the Laurels and *evergreens* all.

“Ever and ever yours,

“B. B. WOODWARD.

“Dr. Ribbans.

“*P.S.*—The story about killing a horse I remember when a little boy. (My wife will be pleased to see you when you call upon her.)”

XVIII.

Buckingham Palace, May 8th, 1868.

“My Dear Cousin,—I scarcely know what to say to your cheering letter, since incoherency and want of connection seem in all my thoughts—pain interferes with rest, and frequently leaves me languid, perhaps at times impatient; for my head is not clear, nor my spirits very composed; but, as you say, ‘He who placed Elijah by the brook *sustained* him there.’

“You ask my opinion of the talents of the Royal Family. As far as I have had opportunity of judging, the Queen is an author of no second quality; the Prince Consort was an able writer on Art and Science, and a clever composer and artist; the Princess Royal sketches charmingly and artistically (judging from what I have seen and heard); the Princess Louise is a skilful sculptor; the Duke of Edinburgh* plays well on that most difficult of all instruments, the violin; Prince
Arthur

* His Royal Highness himself arranged and took the portrait of Mr. Woodward opposite the title-page of this Memoir, and afterwards acquiesced in the fact being thus made known.—Ed.

Arthur will become a fluent public speaker, for he has large capacity for receiving impressions from external objects; Prince Leopold has a good deal in him which will be developed by-and-bye; the Princesses are gifted with various talents; and Princess Beatrice is expanding in all the youthful cheerfulness of blooming hope. To crown all, the Prince of Wales *thinks* for himself: in motives he is manly, and in spirit full of courage. Depend upon it, when the day comes he will display such moral characteristics as will make people know his designs for the general benefit of wise and independent legislation. Remember who has been his Tutor. There never was a more noble, generous Prince, well suited to sustain the name which attaches to our great and glorious growing Empire.

"I will send up the book you want when next I go to Windsor.

"Very kindest remembrances to all.

"Yours, most truly,

"B. B. WOODWARD.

"Dr. Ribbans."

XIX.

“Buckingham Palace, 20th July, 1868.

“My Dear Cousin,—He must be more than mortal who has no faults to hide; and therefore all earthly beings have consolation in the undisguised truth, that it is impossible, as it would be unpardonable, to assume to one's-self perfection. If ever we do anything to deserve or even to expect keen enjoyment we merely do a duty.

“After reflecting seriously, I cannot help thus deciding, that every man has the privilege of judging for himself as to the spiritual soundness of any doctrine proposed for his acceptance by any man or body of men. Any minister who is called to the work of the ministry, and who is watered by the pure spirit, may instrumentally water the garden of God, and he may caution his hearers *not* to receive what he advances on his authority, but to bring it to the Word and to the Testimony, to weigh in the balance of the sanctuary, and if it will not stand that test, and come forth like gold tried seven times in the fire, to fling it to the winds as worthless. St. Paul does not tell us in any perplexity to consult any man

or

or body of men as having authority to settle the question, but to 'compare spiritual things with 'spiritual things.' Besides, what man can possess qualification and right to dictate to any believer in any matter of doctrine. There must be *infallibility* to give sanction to such a claim. The Romish Church says she is infallible, and she is determined to tyrannize over the consciences of men—she is at least *consistent* in connecting such an assertion with such a claim. Taylor says, 'it 'is polluted with spiritual fornication,' which is idolatry, and myself not wishing for but dreading and abhorring the mark of the beast, I keep aloof from her and all like her; and as you have consulted me, let me hope that you will be satisfied and follow my example.

"Kindest regards for all around you.

"Ever yours most truly,

"B. B. WOODWARD.

"Dr. Ribbans."

XX.

"Buckingham Palace, 6th Oct., 1868.

"My Dear Coz,—Rumour had whispered of the interesting event; this morning the *Times* spoke
spoke

spoke of it plainly; at noon-time came your letter. And now what can I say to you? Let me congratulate you as my feelings and hopes dictate, and promise you all good in days to come. But how came you to be so *dénaturé*?—never to break a word, not even when you brought the affianced fair to the Library; but, instead, to supply so large an accompaniment of divinity, that if the secret was discovered, it certainly could not be detected through the luminous haze in which it sported and played. Really the whole has opened to my astonished eyes quite a new phase of your character!

“Now, why didn’t you send me the wedding cake?—there’s another sorrow. I can’t even dream on it; for if I were to treat myself to a piece here I might dream of every body but the right body. ‘No cards,’ too, though you didn’t say. However, there were all the actual essentials—parson and clerk, bride and bridegroom, bridesmaid, papa, and best man. Bells ringing, too—becoming tears—hasty adieus—and—the railway.

“I don’t know anything about my movements
now,

now, for I have so many matters apparently always in hand here, but in November, at any rate, I shall hope to see the bride and her *gudeman*, and drink to both their best healths, and wish them better blessings still; and so with you and your 'little wife,' as you call her, if only I can keep just enough go in me to enable me to get as far as the Laurels. My daughters are profoundly moved, especially the one who shared in the glamour you cast around the *fiancée*.

"You *must* celebrate the affair in some poetic effusion. *This I request*. All join as heartily as you could wish in my heartiest good wishes to *them*, and you, and Mrs. Ribbans; and I am,

"Yours, always most truly,

"B. B. WOODWARD.

"Dr. Ribbans."

The next letter marks the political sentiments of the writer.

XXI.

"Buckingham Palace, 18th Jan., 1869.

"My Dear Cousin,—If ever the chance should
arise,

arise, which is excessively improbable, you may be sure that I shall say all that I can on the right side, but I am a poor hand at pampering with mental confectionery. There never could be a more lame and impotent conclusion than that which arrived to the Colonel's petition.

“The newspaper gives a false report of what Justice Willes said. The Judge said, ‘No evidence had come before him of any bribery by either candidate’—not that *no evidence* at all relating to the Colonel's doings had been offered. The newspaper says that the Judge declared him *innocent of bribery*, turning ‘not proven’ into ‘not guilty.’

“The successful party must work well, or they will lose next time.

“I am now especially in such a state of deep and dreadful depression of mind, as I was yesterday of weariness and disappointment, that I am hardly able to express myself as otherwise I would. I have suffered from an unusual palpitation of the heart, assailing me more or less after slight exertion, and I think that one day it will put an end to all my troubles. How peaceful and painless

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an end it would be. The best I do is not much, for I am cast down, worried, and worn with one thing or another, and yet I do try to keep up my spirits, as you urge me, to a cheerful pitch.

“We all send kindest regards, and so does my sister, who has been up from Norwich for a few days’ visit to town.

“Ever yours most truly,

“B. B. WOODWARD.

“Dr. Ribbans.”

XXII.

“Buckingham Palace, 21st Feb., 1869.

“My Dear Cousin,—I thank you very much for your kind invitation, but I must decline it. Ill as I am, my lecture will be as much as I can manage in one evening; and I hope to have the opportunity of seeing you at home this year. I am very sorry that you and yours are not well now—the weather is trying to us all. We are as usual, and perhaps better than that, and all send their kindest regards to you all.

“Mr. Marriott informs me that he has got out a second part of his letter, but I have not yet
seen

seen it. If argument could convince, or if conviction involved persuasion, we might expect to see the parish altered a bit ; but at present it is not so, and on those subjects common sense does not yet rule. We must hope and wait awhile.

“ Enclosed is my undisguised opinion* of the poetical pieces dedicated to myself, and I do not hesitate to say that, having perused every one of them carefully, that the loveliness of nature as well as a nice discernment for our fellow creatures are clearly and poetically depicted. I am glad to find a short poem on *the marriage*, which breathes a thoughtful sweetness in easy, graceful verse.

“ I am, with kind regards for all,

|“ Yours most truly,

“ B. B. WOODWARD.

“ P.S.—You enquire my estimation of the *personality* of the Devil, a doctrine now being preached in many churches, and my reply respecting that party is, that I know nothing about him, except that he is a horrible nuisance and a crafty
and

* See the end of the book.

and carnal foe. I like to follow the Psalmist. I do not exercise myself with mateology, or things that are too high for me, or too low. This I do know, that in myself I am less than nothing. The personality of the Evil One is, I suppose, known to every person, and there let us leave him—his works are powerless with HIM who has destroyed the sting of death. You appear to be in the right course—spiritual faith never can utterly fail, though it may be weak.

“The rest may be better discussed when we meet.”

XXIII.

“Windsor Castle, 12th June, 1869.

“My Dear Coz,—I thought perhaps you might come out this fine morning, and therefore I kept in the way, feeling dejected both in body and mind. *Appearances* are not good, sometimes bad, and even worse than realities, and for me to write anything pleasant or enlivening just now I should be writing to deceive; and I try to persuade myself that I hate deception with a perfect hatred, but at what I have experienced I cannot at times help
being

being dejected. My faults may be legion, and yet hardly deserving the behaviour which I have received from one who for years has been pursuing interested motives under the garb of personal regard. I have worked hard and long, little expecting to be considered accountable for the opinions of others, and it would be downright culpability to pander to contemptible covetousness, crafty love of avarice, or the empty pride of paltry pretenders.

“The ‘Monograph’ will be before the public shortly, but the ‘Cyclopædia’ is not near ready.

“You may be sure that I would accompany you to the Turkish bath if I could overcome the fanciful horror of increasing this palpitation of my heart, which at this moment *thumps* fearfully. Although ten years my senior, you are many more years my junior in temperament of body; and so God bless you.

“Yours must truly,

“B. B. WOODWARD.

“Dr. Ribbans.”

XXIV.

“ Windsor Castle, 7th Sept., 1869.

“ My Dear Cousin,—I would go and see you all at the Laurels this afternoon if I could only get there without risk of increasing my cough, which does not allow me to sleep ; I only doze for an hour or so, to wake up to consciousness of being in a precarious state, which the doctor does not pass into a certificate of broken health ; therefore, sad as it seems, I must still continue to bear up and go on. The close draws nearer and nearer, therefore the probability of my finishing all that I have begun grows less and less.

“ Pray direct your friend by all means to send or take his MS., *fairly copied out*, to Her Majesty’s Inspector of Plays, who is one of the best friends that I ever had, and whose heart is ever ready to dictate a kind action. He may, if he please, mention my name in his letter, or at the interview, or, if he prefers it, and you will let me know, I will write myself. Kind regards for all.

“ Ever very truly yours,

“ B. B. WOODWARD.

“ Dr. Ribbans.”

This

This, the last letter from Mr. Woodward to the Editor contains few words, but those few are solemn and expressive. Care, it is true, had worked upon him, but no infidelity disturbed his faith, and deep gratitude filled his thoughts and fixed his mind. On his first introduction to the Editor of this Memoir he mentioned his high esteem and great regard for Mr. Donne, and in his letters he speaks in the most pleasing manner of the "best friend he ever had." It is a *serious* letter—full of calm contentment, and from it he appears to have felt a consciousness that he was then passing away from this world.

The Friend to whom the next charming letter was addressed rejoices in this opportunity for preserving it, and the Editor deems it worthy of conspicuous notice—breathing in every line the true spirit of friendly fervour and Christian solicitude—and thus continuing to other young men the benefits of its salutary counsel:—

xxv.

"My Dear Young Friend,—Now that you are
about

about to enter upon University life, permit me to offer for your consideration a few remarks which I have purchased in the School of Experience—a very severe though a very effectual teacher. Your main object will be, of course, to obtain your degree creditably, and in doing so, to acquire the largest possible quantity of really sound and practical information. I mean that it is desirable to obtain such knowledge as may be advantageous to our fellow creatures, that we may become fit instruments to alleviate their bodily pains; and, above all, to urge them to take an interest in the life after this.

“University honours are good things if they come incidentally and in the regular course, otherwise they may be made even mischievous. What I mean is this: they are good if they are not the *only* nor even the *main* object of our exertion.

“If, while we study, as we ought to do, all things ‘to the glory of God,’ that we may the better understand His will and do His work; if, while we strive to store our minds, that they may be employed in His service, with *watchful humility*, and in entire dependence upon Him, and with a
full

full and uncompromising ascription to Him of our success ; if, while we are pursuing this course, College honours are conferred, and if, moreover, they are received in this spirit, *then they are good*, they are gratifying, they are incentive to additional efforts.

“ But if they are made the main objects for which we are industrious, their moral injury is incalculable ; they create vanity ; they swell pride ; they exalt the haughty spirit, and puff up the arrogant heart of man till he thinks that he is something, and till he forgets the divine and mighty God, who is ‘ all in all.’ You see I do not depreciate the value of the distinction itself, but only indicate the injury that may accrue from seeking that distinction from unworthy motives and in an improper spirit.

“ Of course (as I know you have hitherto done), you will continue to avoid bad company and bad habits. Permit me, from the purest motives, to assure you, that when I now reflect deeply and impartially on what I have seen and experienced, I come advisedly to the solemn conviction that *no worldly man*, no man who has not
God

God in his thoughts, and, especially, no man addicted to sensual pleasure, is, while he continues such, capable of friendship, or kindness, or disinterested conduct. I find, after long and much trial, that men of genuine, *practical* piety are not only the safest companions, but the most cheerful and valuable friends. The habit of *self-denial* keeps a man in condition to think aright.

“ One thing which is in all ways invaluable I must suggest to you, and that is to attend *regularly* the public service of the Sanctuary, and, if possible, to become, as your father is aware I have been in Yarmouth, a teacher in a Sunday School.* Let nothing but sickness prevent your being in your place ; and may you, in a prayerful spirit, grow in grace as well as in knowledge.

“ Be assured that, influenced solely for your good, I am,

“ Always your friend,

“ B. B. WOODWARD.

“ Mr. G * * * , Junr., Great Yarmouth.”

In

* “ He was a zealous and very efficient teacher in the Sunday School in connection with the Congregational Church at Yarmouth.”

“ J. W. SHELLY.”

In almost every one of the foregoing Letters it will be perceived that Mr. Woodward alludes most painfully to his intermittent *cough* and *want of natural rest*. His health and strength had been for some time declining, although in his energetic and persevering labours he seemed cheerful and active—his varied acquirements in letters and art, as well as in political economy, clearly demonstrated that he had not been afraid of literary toil; it was not evident even to medical men that he was drawing so near to the end of his mortal career.

The progress of the disease was even and to himself evident, and his constitution was not strong. A *smile* there, a *request* to one, an *order* to another, throughout the day relieved the minds of his friends occasionally, and prevented their dwelling upon the near approach of that mournful event which finally divested earthly hope, and introduced into the thoughts and hearts of all who knew him deep and earnest sorrow.

It will be observed that whenever he alludes to his bodily ailments he expresses himself in no plaintive tone, but displays in every sentence
unvaried

unvaried calmness and dignified resignation ; and our regard is not at all diminished but increased when we find out the natural malady which he had to contend against, in addition to the anxieties of his avocations.

His submission to the will of Providence is evident in all his correspondence. In one letter he says, " I believe myself to be *much* better, " whilst I *know* myself to be far from well ;" and in another, "*I only want a holiday and lots of money to be a young man again, that's all. . . .* " So say my medical advisers, but I *know* better. . . . My *breath is indeed very short.*" And in the last letter, written a month before his death, what a solemn line does he deliberately give. In every one of his letters, even when no expectation cheered the conscious gloom of unquestionable uneasiness, resignation to the Divine will is the distinguishing feature.

The last time that the Editor saw Mr. Woodward was on the day of his last visit to Windsor. He was proceeding very leisurely from the Great Western Railway Station towards the Castle, and, after a friendly greeting, went forward on the

the arm of the writer. He said that his object in coming was merely to see that things were right at the Library, and then, according to promise, to return home. His cough did not appear more troublesome than usual, and his face was lighted up by his customary smiles. The only observable difference was in his gait, which indicated fatigue. He spoke of his "Monograph" as nearly finished, and he excused himself for not going to the Laurels.

He mentioned that he had lately read something in the papers respecting one of the Bolingbrokes at Norwich, and when near St. George's Gateway the two friends mutually bade each other Adieu! little thinking that it was indeed their last interview.

May all that survive him be blessed with that calm submission and unwearied patience which *brightened* his earthly career and *beautified* its conclusion.

Having forwarded to each a copy of the Lines on Mr. Woodward's sudden death, the following acknowledgments

acknowledgments evince the respectful regard which the writers entertained for Mr. Woodward's memory, as well as their sympathy with his bereaved ones.

The public subscription for the Testimonial in remembrance of Mr. Woodward was commenced on a scale of creditable generosity, headed by the Queen, who bestowed an annuity of £80 a-year on the widow. The contributions amounted to a considerable sum, which has been invested for the benefit of the family.

"Hastings, April 17, 1870.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of your moving lines on the sudden death of Mr. Woodward, and to thank you for it. I like the sentiments expressed very much indeed, and only wish that I could *purchase* a few copies to distribute amongst my acquaintances.

"WILLIAM HOWRTH."

From Dr. Norman M'Leod, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland, and Dean of the Order of the Thistle.

"Glasgow, May 12, 1870.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the Ode on
the

the death of Mr. Woodward, the Queen's Librarian, which I shall certainly make known among my friends."

From the Rev. Robinson Duckworth, M.A., late Governor to H. R. H. Prince Leopold.

"77 Hamilton Terrace, NW., May 5, 1870.

"My Dear Sir,—I beg to offer you my sincere thanks for the very pretty volume just received. I shall value it, not only on account of its own beauty, but as a touching reminder of your accomplished and genial cousin Woodward, the kindest and most companionable of men, whose memory I deeply appreciate."

From J. Peel, Esq., M.P.

"Dear Sir,—I have received your tribute to the memory of Mr. Woodward in the form of some stirring lines of poetry, and I beg leave to thank you for them."

"Kempsey, November, 1870.

"The Rev. G. Fisk presents his compliments and thanks for the sweet little tribute by Dr. Ribbans, to the memory of that clever and kind-hearted man, Mr. Woodward, the late Librarian to the Queen."

From Henry Darvill, Esq., Windsor.

"My dear Dr. Ribbans,—Many thanks for the Lines you have kindly sent to me; they breathe a beautiful spirit

spirit to the memory of our mutual friend, Woodward, and are full of poetry and truth."

From Sam. Timmins, Esq., Editor of the "Industrial History of Birmingham" (Hardwicke), 721 pp.

"Elvetham Lodge, Birmingham,
4th April, 1872.

"My Dear Sir,—When I thanked you for sending me your touching tribute—the glowing lines on Mr. Woodward's death—I think I expressed a hope that some fuller memoirs of him would appear than the brief accounts given when he died. His name has been so long familiar to me, and his lofty character so highly honoured by all who knew his history, that I shall be happy to see some sketch of the career of so ripe a scholar and so excellent a man."

From Augustus W. Franks, Esq., F.S.A.

"103 Victoria Street, SW.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the lines affectionately addressed to friends on the sudden death of Mr. Woodward. I like them very much, and I need hardly say, that I value any memorial of our friend."

From Colonel Henry Ponsonby, Private Secretary to
Her Majesty.

"Windsor Castle, May 5, 1871.

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your
letter

letter and the accompanying lines on the death of Mr. Woodward, which I will not fail to lay before the Queen."

From the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

"Wednesday Morning, 14th May, 1871.

"My Dear Sir,—Your pathetic lines on the unexpected death of Mr. Woodward remind me vividly of the happy day I once passed in his company.

"His description of the various MSS. and rare books in the Royal Library delighted me."

From the Rev. J. Gore, M.A., Minor Canon, Windsor,
and Vicar of Shalbourne.

"July, 1870.

"My Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for the very appropriate lines you have written on the death of my friend the late Librarian at Windsor Castle, Mr. Woodward."

"Sept. 18, 1871.

"Colonel Vyse presents his compliments and thanks for a copy of Dr. Ribbans's ode on the sudden death of Mr. Woodward."

"Godrich Court, Ross, July 24, 1872.

"Dear Sir,—Your kind present reached London whilst we were in Germany, and your note was sent to us at Carls; and I am almost sure that Mr. Moffatt wrote

wrote to you; but owing to the war, which had then begun, the postal communication was so disarranged that delays and, in many instances, the loss of our letters occurred, so that I fear the letter never reached you. Pray accept our thanks and excuses for this long delay in acknowledging your kindness. The little volume reached Eaton Square quite safely. We both much valued poor Mr. Woodward.—Truly yours,

“LUCY MOFFAT.”

From J. F. Clark, Esq., M.A.

“Spring Gardens, 8th Sept., 1871.

“Dear Sir,—I thank you very sincerely for the copy of your affectionate lines on the death of poor Mr. Woodward—a more genial soul or a better hearted man never breathed.”

From the Rev. W. B. Marriott, M.A., Eton College.

“Thursday Morning.

“Dear Sir,—Pray accept my thanks for the little *brochure* you have sent me. I like the lines very much indeed, and think them appropriate to the memory of so good and clever a man as my friend Mr. Woodward.”

“Oxford, June, 1871.”

“The Rev. P. Harrison presents his respectful compliments and thanks for a copy of Dr. Ribbans’s appropriate and affectionate lines on the sudden death of the Librarian to the Queen, and begs to say that they will be
highly

highly treasured by himself and family, who cannot fail to remember the great attention shown by Mr. Woodward at the Royal Library.

From the Right Rev. Dr. Hinds, Late Bishop of
Norwich.

“Dear Sir,—Although personally unknown to Mr. Woodward, yet his name is familiar to us all. I have read with great interest your few affectionate lines to his memory, and for the copy you have so kindly sent me I beg to return you sincere thanks.

“Had they been published at a *price*, I would gladly take a dozen copies.”

From the Rev. Herbert Dewey, Congregational Minister.

“Harleston, March 16, 1870.

“My dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for the Lines on Mr. Woodward’s sudden death. I have conversed with several intelligent people who knew Mr. Woodward intimately, and regularly heard him preach, and they speak of him in the highest terms as a Christian and a scholar.”

From Benjamin Nattali, Esq.

“The Library, Windsor Castle.

“My Dear Dr. Ribbans,—Having read your beautiful lines upon our late friend Mr. Woodward, I cannot refrain from expressing how glad I am that the memory
of

of one who was so amiable and true a friend to me should be perpetuated in so graceful a manner."

From the Rev. H. Taylor, M.A.

"Thorpe, July 17, 1871.

"My Dear Dr. Ribbans,—Mr. Clark has just brought me your lines on the sudden death of the Queen's Librarian, together with your essay on 'Sudden Death is Sudden Glory,' for which I thank you. The essay deserves all that has been advanced in its favour, and the lines on Mr. Woodward's death are full of thoughtful tenderness. The family, I should say, are well pleased with them."

From Dr. Oppert, now Professor of Sanscrit in the University, Madras.

"The Library, Windsor Castle.

"Dear Dr. Ribbans,—I am very much obliged to you for sending me a copy of your essay on 'Sudden Death is Sudden Glory,' together with some verses on the death of our worthy Librarian. The sentiments therein contained attest the close friendship which united you during the last years to our lamented friend, Mr. Woodward.

"As I had the privilege of working under him until his death, I can speak with some authority of the many sterling qualities which distinguished him, and which endeared him to his friends."

From

From Richard Fisher, Esq., F.S.A.

"11 New Burlington Street, 6th Aug., 1871.

"Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for sending me your pamphlet and your verses on the death of our friend Mr. Woodward, and I appreciate the testimony they afford of the estimation in which we held him."

From His Excellency the Belgian Minister.

"New Lodge, Windsor Forest, Oct. 26, 1871.

"Dear Sir,—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 24th, which reached me here this morning, and to thank you for the copy of your lines on the death of Mr. Woodward. I have read them with great interest, and am glad to hear that you are preparing a memoir of him."

From the Most Noble the Marquis of Hertford.

"Windsor Great Park, Aug. 7, 1870.

"Lieut.-General Seymour presents his compliments to Dr. Ribbans, and begs to thank him for the essay and very suitable lines on the death of poor Mr. Woodward."

From W. P. Frith, Esq., R.A.

"7 Pembridge Villas, Bayswater Road,

"July 15, 1870.

"Dear Sir,—I had but slight knowledge of the late
Mr.

Mr. Woodward, but that little made me wish for more, and my desire would doubtless have been accomplished had not his sudden and lamented death put an end to that and all other considerations.

"I beg to acknowledge and thank you for the little *bijou* enclosed."

From W. Seabrook, Esq.

"Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle.

"My Dear Dr. Ribbans,—My wife requests me to thank you very much for the copy of your happy lines on the death of poor Mr. Woodward which you have been good enough to send her. Pray accept my own thanks also; we admire the verses very much."

From Colonel Ratcliff.

"Wyddrington, Edgbaston, Sept. 8, 1871.

"My Dear Friend Ribbans,—I do sincerely regret not knowing Mr. Woodward, the Queen's late Librarian. His name has been often mentioned at the meetings which I have attended at the Antiquarian Society.

"You have in these affecting lines on his sudden death created in my own heart a deep sympathy with all those who are thus deprived of so much that is really enjoyable, *i.e.*, a disinterested friend, which is the general sentiment expressed by those who knew him. With thanks for the copy you have sent, which I have read with deepest interest."

From

From the Rev. F. J. Rawlins, M.A., F.S.A.

"My Dear Dr. Ribbans,—I have no doubt that your touching lines on the death of Mr. Woodward will prove acceptable to all his relations.

From Henry Beloe, Esq., Norwich.

"August 17, 1871.

"My dear Sir,—I have to thank you for a copy of the Ode on the death of Mr. Woodward, which is very comforting and sympathizing. The family will cherish the lines for their affectionate sentiments, as well as for their own respect for the author."

From Arthur J. Lewis, Esq., Campden Hill, W.

"Moray Lodge, Kensington, Sept. 16, 1870.

"My dear Dr. Ribbans,—I beg to acknowledge your kindness in sending me a copy of your beautiful little book. I had not the pleasure of knowing the late Mr. Woodward myself, but his name was so constantly on the lips of many of my friends that I almost seemed to rank him as one of them, and I am sincerely pleased to have so graceful and tender a tribute to his memory."

From the Rev. Charles Smith, B.D.

"Manchester Square, Aug. 7, 1871.

"My Dear Friend,—I have perused your sweet lines
on

on Mr. Woodward's sudden death. They drew a tear from my eye, for the perusal of them brought before me the unexpected summons for my poor father, just as he was leaving the vestry for the pulpit! *That* Cross plunged us all in deep mourning, which *time* may mitigate but can never efface.

'Who has not felt can never tell
What 'tis to part with those we love.'

From W. H. Black, Esq., F.S.A.

"Dear Sir,—I like your affectionate lines on the sudden death of Mr. Woodward. He was a clever man and a cheerful companion, and his end was a *merciful* one." Pray accept my thanks."

From Viscount Torrington.

"4 Warwick Square, SW., Aug. 9, 1870.

"Sir,—I beg to thank you for the little book you forwarded in reference to Mr. Woodward, for whom I entertained a great respect."

From the Rev. E. Jones, B.D.

"Dublin, August 11, 1870.

"I have received a copy of the Ode on the Sudden Death of the Queen's late Librarian, and sincerely do I thank Dr. Ribbans for his kindness in sending me so just a tribute of regard for Mr. Woodward."

From

From W. B. Donne, Esq., Lord Chamberlain's Office.

"My Dear Sir,—Thanks for 'Sudden Death is Sudden Glory.'

"Your lines on Bernard Bolingbroke Woodward show that you appreciated him, as well as loved him, well."

From A. Jefferson, Esq.

"New York, August 18, 1870.

"Dear Sir,—Your poetical and sublime Lines on the Sudden Death of Mr. Woodward have been received, and I thank you sincerely. The attention to myself and friend at Windsor will never be effaced from our memory; and this token of respect paid to the memory of the kind, and good, and learned Librarian, shall be treasured to adorn my little closet of choice literature."

Other letters would only be a repetition of the sentiments expressed in these. Whatever difference might have existed in religious or political opinions, there was perfect unanimity in honouring the memory, and doing justice to the worth and probity of Mr. Woodward.

CRITICAL REMARKS,

ALLUDED TO IN THE LETTER, DATED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1869,
PAGE 152.

“Should another edition be called for, which I expect, I would recommend uniformity and appropriateness in title-mottos at pp. 53, 64, and 128.

‘Dulce est decipere.’

‘Domus et placens uxor.’

‘Causa latet res est notissima.’

All, perhaps, rather hackneyed, but all suitable.

“To be over particular in critical remarks often nauseates the reader. Critics are frequently accused of self-interest; even the elegant Addison did not escape censure, although he invariably pointed out the beauties rather than the blemishes of an author.”

“‘YOUTHFUL IMPULSE.’—These verses are plainly the harmonious and harmless expressions of a poet’s love. One thing I would here notice, that it is the tendency of our best modern poets, beginning with the richest in verse of all, Lord Byron, to adopt the same spelling as in prose. The termination ‘*ed*’ is rarely pronounced as a distinct syllable, and when it is so intended in poetry
is

is marked 'éd.' The vowel in the article '*the*,' when followed by a word commencing with a vowel, may safely be left standing; there is no necessity to write thus, 'Th,' so as to put us in mind of a rapid pronunciation. A poet can gain nothing, and may sacrifice much, by calling attention to petty irregularities of language, or by manufacturing his lines out of what, at least, are the admitted artifices of one who distressingly converts prose into rhyme."

" 'MATURE REFLECTION' repairs all the seeming mischief which youthful aspirations of the muse might have occasioned, and leaves the *pious* reader happy. The last seven verses are *complete*."

"The modest observation of *presumption* for printing the translation of Horace, after having seen the Prime Minister's succinct lines of the same ode, *reads* very well."

" 'SONG OF LIBERTY,' is grandly patriotic—the metre is real poetry—but are not the sentiments rather democratical?"

"Whoever 'FANNY' may have been, the addresses to her are original, sweet, and perfect. As the editor of the *Standard* says (26th Oct., 1868), 'It is to be hoped that Fanny was satisfied with these sprightly, ardent, and charming verses.'"

" 'THE FALSE ONE.'—These lines are among some of the sweetest I ever read on such a subject."

" 'ON

“‘ON QUITTING SCENES OF YOUTH’—Is very obscure, and, in my opinion, the last verse but one in the MS. now before me, and which is omitted in the book, would have rendered the poem interesting. Is it a portrait of any one?”

“‘DREAMS.’—Wild conceits.”

“‘EVENING, — MOONLIGHT,’ — ‘What visions will crowd,’ are very pretty.”

“‘DISAPPOINTMENT.’—I think equal to any in the volume.”

“‘TINTERN ABBEY.’—Deserves to be printed by itself, and illustrated.”

“‘THE PIC-NIC.’—What a pity some stirring incident was not introduced here. A large company upon a cliff; amongst rocks and near the sea; the journey, too,—some eight miles by road—afforded opportunity for an *accidental* tumble on the rocks, a ducking on the shore, a summer shower, or a spill upon the road.”

“‘ARIADNE THESEO.’—Translations, however, excellent, are not popular reading. This, however, according to Mr. Marriott’s opinion, and I agree with him, is very accurately and poetically rendered.”

“‘TO MATURIN.’—Breathes a pleasing, familiar friendship, fully ripe.”

“‘OPENING OF THE RAILWAY.’—I like this invocation to *Commerce*. The allusion to Triptolemus is original.”

“‘PEACE’

“ ‘PEACE’ all through is solemn and suitable.”

“ ‘ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.’—Is full of genuine Christian feeling.”

“ ‘ON THE QUEEN’S VISIT’ (A SONG).—Ought to have music set to it. Dr. Elvey should see it.”

“ ‘MASONIC SONG.’—Of freemasonry I know nothing, either by reading or experience, but once on a time I had an acquaintance who belonged to that *secret sect*. I say *sect*, since I find that the Jewish sacred writings have ever been held in high veneration by the brethren—that the Patriarchs, as well as King Solomon and the two saints John, were all masons; and whenever I spoke of his mysticisms, he would declare that he could not and would not try to argue or reason upon the subject with one not initiated into the sacred rite. ‘What! not ask me to become a brother?’ I exclaimed. ‘No,’ he replied; ‘I would not solicit any one. If you feel a desire to belong to the free and ‘accepted body, you must *solicit* the honour, as no invitation will ever be given,’ thus making the privilege doubly doubtful by such unusual, if not pretended, precaution.”

“ ‘TO MY WIFE.’—Utters all the fervent fire of love, duty, and gratitude. By all means give the air by Brinley Richards. You can have any sized *musical* type.”

“ ‘THE INAUGURATION.’—Inferior to the other poems, and appears to have been done in haste.”

“ ‘FOR

“‘FOR A HOLIDAY.’—Of course, it was granted.

“‘TO YOU IN HOLY ORDERS.’—This is addressed as it should be, and not to *him*. ‘*To you*’ is far more expressive and keenly pointed. Would that all would *seriously* reflect before winning the affections of innocent hearts, and then trifling with them. The peculiar feature is that such pests of mankind do not seem to excite a dread in general society. They join in assemblies, not as objects of abhorrence, for when *fashion* is criminal, then this crime is fashionable. Your essay on the subject, which I have read over again, is far better than these critical remarks. In it are many solid sentiments in ‘words that burn,’ and would not make a bad *note*, although a long one, at the end of the poem.”

“‘THE INCONSOLABLE ONE.’—The last stanza could not be excelled.”

“One word more about your *original* Preface, which at the time I repudiated; but should you bring out another edition, permit me, on re-consideration, to withdraw my former opinion, and to express decided preference for the *long* Preface. The short one may be less trouble to the editor, and possibly more agreeable to the reader, but the longer is the better.—And now adieu!

“B. B. W.

“Windsor Castle, Feb., 1869.”

Little was it thought at the time that these critical notices were received within so short a
time

time before Mr. Woodward's death. But such is the uncertainty of *all human* affairs.

Thanks are hereby tendered to Mr. Delf, of Norwich, author of many sweet poems, who generously offered to the editor the short account of Mr. Woodward, written for the *Norwich Penny Magazine*.

Also, to those friends who have contributed assistance and encouragement by letters from Norwich, Harleston, Bungay, Yarmouth, East Dereham, Halesworth, Guestwick, Plymouth, Ipswich, and London.

**LIST OF SOME OF MR. WOODWARD'S
WORKS.**

Barclay's English Dictionary. Quarto.

A History of Wales from the earliest times to the final incorporation of the Principality with England. 80 steel plates, royal 8vo, cloth, 30s.

A History of America to the end of the administration of President Polk.

Specimens of the Drawings of ten Masters from the Royal Collection.

A General History of Hampshire.

The Fine Arts Quarterly Review.

A Cyclopædia of Chronology, Historical and Biographical. Finished 1872, by Mr. W. L. R. Cates.

First Lessons in Geography.

First Lessons in Astronomy.

A Monograph of Windsor Castle, illustrated by Photographs. Designed as a Gift-Book for Christmas, six guineas and ten guineas.

A Review of Coleridge.

Christian Evidences—Natural History of the Year.

First Lessons on the English Reformation.

He

He also edited Maunders's Treasury of Knowledge, and other works, to one of which he prefixed a compendious English Grammar.

He was an occasional contributor to the Eclectic Review, the Gentleman's Magazine, and other Periodical Literature.



FIRST EDITION.

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